

# CAVALCADE

SEPT 1<sup>st</sup>



WHOSE CHILDREN ARE YOURS?

CAVERN OF *Death*

—PAGE 20

—PAGE 20



# STAMINA CLOTHES

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# Cavalcade

CONTENTS ★ SEPT., 1949

## ARTICLES

Horsey Made the Noise	Howard Beale	9
Tricks of the Fighter's Trade	Bill Delaney	1
Highgate Aren't Always Fun	Secretary Lee	12
Ghost Town's Past Was Gandy	Raymond H. Schmitt	20
Ghost Children Are Years!	Tom Waris	29
Centres of Death	Jack Pearson	24
A Pill to End the Pleasure	Marcelle Hilton	30
Scouts of Shinto Musketeers	Revealed by Monroe F. Raymond	30
The Real Life Bluebeard	as told to Paul D. Green	30
The World's Best Case Men	Sydney George Elbert	31
	Anthony Horwitz	31

## FICTION

End of the Lane	Don Holt	26
Slayer in Duty	Gerald Rydell-Brown	43
The Deuchan War & Lady	Bill Delaney	32
Double Cross	Dave Sands	30

## FEATURES

B Stories That Way	25
Picture Stories	26-27, 34-35
What Great Minds Think of Writing	36
Early Australian Anecdotes, Exhibit A	37
Perfume at Glasses	Gibson 38-39
Prancing Sentences	39
Molluscs on the March	37
Horse Play-Karow Freestyles	W. Watson Sharp 40-42
Lilt of Life	43
Dynamic Mystery	44
Talking Points	45
Cartoons	46

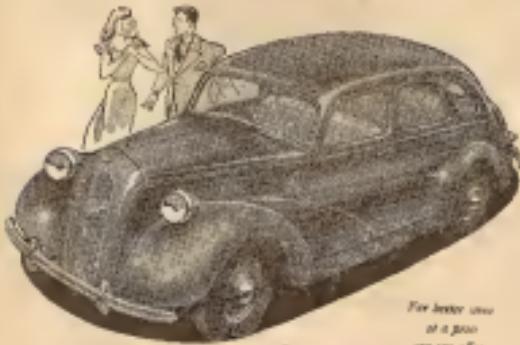
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A ticket collector remembered two prospectors, and that was the first of a remarkable chain of chance evidence

BERNARD HESLING

If there is one country in the world where there is room enough to commit murder without being overlooked it is it. Let the prospective murderer take the clearest to almost any place thirty miles outside a capital city, walk him or her into the bush a few minutes from the station, do the deed and catch the next train back to town. I would have said it was as easy as that, and fifty years ago even easier. How wrong I am. It is shown in the Miss Mauritius Murders, the case seems to be called, in 1896.

The affair started when a Mr Robert Lockham of Manly reported to the police that a friend of his who had gone on a gold mining expedition had

been absent nearly a month, and had not written to say how he was faring. Mr. Lockham told the police his friend, Captain Lee Waller, was a retired racing manager who, having recently lost his wife, had been staying with them at Manly. The captain, according to his friend, had been in a very ingrate state of mind and perhaps because of this he was also developing rather more than a taste for liquor. He had always been an active man and a life of idleness did not suit him. In fact, he was beginning to look about for something in which to interest himself when he had seen an advertisement in the paper:

"Experienced miners wanted as

main to visit Glenbrook District Prospecting Equal and Gold HELD

Capt. Weller had announced the advertisement soon after the adventure, from where he learned that expenses were not really necessary and decided to go. Mr. Lockham had not liked the idea. He could not see his friend in prospecting and said so. Furthermore, he did not like the sound of the advertisement, a man named Frank Butler before leaving Manly, however; Weller had promised to drop the Lockhams a line to let them know how he was making out.

It occurs to me here to wonder what would happen nowadays should anyone report to the police that a friend who had promised to write had not written and what about it? But apparently in 1936 promises to write were treated seriously. When people said they would write they wrote. If they omitted to do so then at least as not the police came poking after them to see if they were still in a position to write—at least that is what happened in the case of Lee Weller. The police having collected a photograph of the captain from the top of the Lockham's place in Manly took a ferry to Manly and straitaway went to the Metropolitan Hotel at Pitt Street where Lee Weller had arranged to call for Frank Butler on the day he had left the Lockham's some weeks before. The hotel landlady, a Mrs O'Connell, remembered the occasion quite well. Butler had been staying at the hotel for some weeks and early on the morning of October 16th a stranger with luggage had called for him. They had breakfasted together and had left, presumably for the railway. Showed the photograph, Mrs O'Connell and various other people identified Weller as Butler's companion.

At the Central Railway Station the police again made enquiries. In fact they made enquiries and showed their photograph all along the line to the Blue Mountains and beyond, and what

surprised me is just how many people had seen Butler and Lee Weller and how often. The poor murderer hadn't a chance. First a railway employee had travelled in the same compartment with them in the 1915 western train. Butler and Weller had left the train at Glenbrook and it was extremely unlikely that the witness should see the pair again. Nevertheless, two days later, when returning from Katoomba to Sydney he had cleared out of the window at Rose Plains and there was Butler waiting for the train.

But to go back a bit. When Butler and Lee Weller arrived at Glenbrook you would have thought that after handing in their tickets they would have disappeared into the bush, the ticket collector wouldn't remember them. Why should he? If you think differently try asking a ticket collector if he remembers seeing a certain person arrive by a certain train a month ago! The man at Glenbrook did remember the two men. He described them minutely and also the direction they had taken, while to round things off he remembered seeing Butler by himself a little later on the same day, and on the same occasion both Butler and Weller carrying what looked like a folded tent.

A dealer called Coxon, who now runs the hotel, and the following evening he had seen the man the police recognized as Butler in the bush near Glenbrook. Seeing being synonymous with speaking, in the bush, Coxon was able to repeat a conversation he had had with old-timer Butler had said that a thunderstorm had nearly washed him out and asked whether there was an empty house in the district where he could camp for a day or two. He added that his mate had been on the beer and at the moment was sick to sleep. Next day Coxon saw Butler at Rose Plains (how those witnesses get about!).

A dealer called Symons also saw the pair. This was in the afternoon of

October 16th. They were then conducting a test. He saw them again at 7 a.m. the following morning and noted the time of day. Both men had woken up and about and Weller, whom he identified from the photograph, was another sick one drunk.

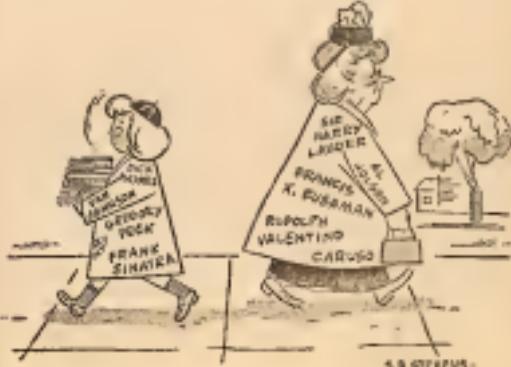
In evening notes, Frank Butler was no thicker at Rose Plains where even the proverbial tramp crooked up a load him for the price of a pint and made a mental note of his appearance. Butler tried to turn that meeting to his advantage by giving him some of Weller's possessions. He even drew a map to show tramp Farrell where abouts on the bush near Glenbrook he would find a tent, clothes, and various articles of use. Farrell set off immediately and found everything exactly as Butler had said. In fact he was wearing one of Weller's shorts when the police caught up with him.

Folks are often unkind to tramps and Farrell had no proof that the articles had been given to him by Butler. Butler's mark down on a piece of paper no bigger than a tram-

ticket, he had thrown in the open bush as the result of millions of namelessly for Farrell the police found it. All they had to do now was to find Butler and of course, Weller.

It was James Wood who found Weller's body. A resident of the district for seventeen years, knowing just what the countryside should look like he offered his services to the police and went to work. Whenever he found a place which looked as if a tree might have been moved a little or where one of the twigs was bent back, or where the ground was uneven (and what ground in the bush isn't?) he dug and after thirteen days he found Weller.

Meanwhile Butler had set out for Australia under the name of Lee Weller, N.S.W. Police were awaiting him when he stepped off the ship at San Francisco. Before his execution he confessed to the murder and spoke vaguely of others. He went to the scaffold an unhappy man. There is not even a record of his having eaten the customary hearty breakfast!



There are some fighters who know all the dirty dodges, only they won't use them all, not all the time.



## TRICKS of the fighter's trade

BY WILL DELANY

ON the night of May 19, 1948, Eddy Bennett, Australian feather champion, threw a four-inch right that set his American opponent, Cecil Schaeffer, headlong on his boxer's trunk.

"Don't worry," confided my next-door neighbour, "he's faking. These Yanks are as easy as a weapon-full of circus monkeys. Schaeffer will get up."

He was right on all counts but those. I wasn't worrying; the Negro wasn't faking; he didn't get up. His penultimate sentence, however, had a good deal to recommend it. Even in defeat, Schaeffer proved he was a quick thinker.

"When I was down," he said, "I thought the bell was ringing for the

end of the round. I did not know the bell was ringing the start."

This weird result is an example of gags once deployed by an American fight manager named Spider Kelly. Kelly, it seems, had a house, Ali Nell, matched against Young Peter Jackson at San Francisco. Now, the stadium at which they fought possessed a clock which, in the smoky atmosphere imperceptible from boxing matches, was barely visible at a few yards distance—a factor of which Kelly was quick to take advantage.

For, with Nell staggering around the ring hootily panted by Jackson, Kelly arose from his seat and bellowed:

"The clock! Look at the clock! The damned thing's stopped."

It worked. Everyone in the ring

except Nell, who had now adopted the pose of a man looking for a dropped collar stud, stood stockstill and turned their eyes elsewhere.

"Businesses not the thing going!" yelled Kelly, and in the confusion entered the ring and removed his boxer to the corner. Two full minutes later, his doom was unloosed. The clock had been ticking away the seconds without pause, and Nell returned to the battle with his painful signs restored.

It is a sad sidelight on crossing ring tactics, nevertheless, that all such schemes do not invariably succeed. I refer you now to the unhappy case of one Eva Wally, an Australian heavyweight whose habit it was during a bout to engage his oppositee pleased to get his opponent's gait.

Joe Willis, this country's best-known referee, recalls how, while fighting Shepherd, Wally committed a running crossbody the theme of which was that his opponent's beating skill was not all it might be.

"Shepherd was wild and fighting without caution," says Willis, "and as a result was getting a passing round after round, the sides continued. Then, Wally saw something I couldn't catch but which brought immediate reaction. Shepherd, clad as a hermit, unbuckled a long, looping right—and it caught Wally on the chin.

"It was some time before Wally recovered. His first words were 'Well, I talked myself into it, and talked myself out.'

Those who knew Lou Derry best say that he was a man without friends. Who often played friendly with an opponent whom he obviously outclassed. He fought, they say, but one bout with truly vicious intent: the one against Jack Coons, an American.

Before the fight, Coons—knowing that Derry had a great love of family—approached the Australian and pointed out that a good showing would add greatly to his reputation; that he

was of the same faith as Derry and, like Derry, had family responsibilities. Would Derry, therefore, treat him kindly?

Derry did—and half-way through the first round, Coons let go a punch that, connecting, went surely home, knocked out the Australian lad. The fight ended in the next round, in a manner that caused Coons to say: "As the 12 stone limit, I will stake my all on Derry against any man in the world."

The strategy used by Coons was not new. Round about the turn of the century, Joe Walcott, the world's welterweight champion, received a similar request from another Negro named Ward. Ward's plan was to allow to stay the distance was that his old father was to be present at the fight and, said Ward, "Ain't none de old men is see me wounded."

The soft-hearted Walcott carried Ward along for eight rounds, in any of which he might easily have put his opponent away. Suddenly, Ward put all his weight behind a punch that caught Walcott fair on the chin. The champion staggered and clutched to weather the round.

Coming up for the ninth, Walcott extended his hand and shook Ward's glove.

"You is making a mistake. Dis ain't de last round," said Ward.

"It sha' lo," replied Walcott, and landed a left to the other's chin. Ward went unconscious for 13 minutes.

True later, Sam Langford made the identical reply to Jeff Clarko who had the round before taken liberties with the ever-growing Negro. And Langford's prediction also came true.

One of the less subtle ring tricks is to convince an opponent that you are out of condition. Charlie Marshall used the trick on Sullivan, saying that he had malaria and might not be able to fight. And on the scheduled date, Sullivan was so drunk that in spite of Turkish baths and massage, the fight was called off.

## NO, SIR! FIGURES NEVER LIE!

He who lives on a perpetual hunger,  
Has life-expectancy statistically slender;  
While he who from red wine  
Has been a slacker,  
Is killed by a car, driven by  
the drinker.  
So it seems, while telling  
about such,  
Statistics don't help you very much.

KAY GRANT

match to Mitchell's dagger. The crowd booted and cheered, but Sullivan still collected his share of the gate.

Sullivan in his remarks stated simply:

"I did not meet Mitchell because I was incapacitated through sickness, caused by my own fault."

It was bad luck for Mitchell.

At the annual of boxing, the name Kid McCoy ranks hardly. When Bob Fitzsimmons overcame the middleweight class, the Kidd was with Tommy Ryan and Jack O'Brien, one of the three leading contenders for the vacant throne. But great fighter as McCoy was, he will be remembered best by posterity as perhaps the shortest—and most stunning—boxer ever to enter a ring. It was McCoy who introduced the trick of delaying his entry into the ring until his opponent's nerves were torn to shreds.

It happened in 1904, and his opponent was the Irishman Peter Maher. The day was bitterly cold, and for a full half-hour Maher sat shivering in his corner awaiting McCoy and when the Kidd did arrive, the Irishman was frozen stiff.

Wrong as they sat at ring-center,

McCoy waited patiently and said: "You big stiff—I see in the newspaper your wife is sick. When I get through with you, you'll need a doctor yourself."

The combatants gave, the Irishman was an easy mark for Kid.

There was no bit of scuffling necessary that McCoy would not dragoons to use to upset an opponent. He was the best man to reduce just pure alcohol, when applied in hand bandages, hardened the tape when it dried out, thus in effect causing the hand in plaster, the first move "accidentally" to drop his glasses in the round box, so that he was able to cut his opponent's face to ribbons; the first man to step suddenly in the ring, glance at his opponent's shoes and ask why the latter had used pink shoe laces. Invariably, the other man would drop his guard and look at his shoes, thereby leaving himself open for the punch that invariably came.

On his own admission, McCoy once beat Joe Chynski with a deliberately thrown foot punch. Bodily hurt by Chynski's right, he waited until the song that ended the round sounded and in a split second threw a punch at Joe's unprotected chin. He had rightly reasoned that with the correct timing, the referee would be unable to decide whether the blow had been landed before or after the song.

Although Chynski came up for the next round, he was an already beaten boxer.

Nature made McCoy look as though he could effectively be used by the medical profession as an authentic example of a man suffering with chronic anæmia—and the Kidd was not slow to exploit the fact.

It was his greatest habit before a match to impress on Nature by rubbing his face with tobacco, thus to give his opponent the impression that one efficiently-planned punch would send him—the opponent—in a Worcester corner.

On April 18, 1908, McCoy fought Jack

Wilkes at New York. As the man stood in the centre of the ring, Wilkes stated that if he had known he had been matched in meet a fellow so obviously at the greater knock, he would have called the fight off.

Wandy McCoy replied that he would be able to carry on. At the round, he knocked down his corner and left Wilkes at will, and the fight ended in the second round.

To the observed eye of a spectator, it often becomes obvious that his fighter is suffering from a depression induced by the probable outcome of a match. It then becomes the manager's task to build up his boy's confidence. Thus it was with Jim Jeffries on the eve of his fight with Fitzsimmons for the heavyweight championship of the world.

His manager, William Brady, turned the trick neatly:

"When I arranged the match," he told Jeffries, "I told Fitz that you had no hope of winning. I told him that you wouldn't train and were only on the lookout for any money. You know that you're as fit as bands can make you, and I think you can knock Fitz out."

The moody Jeffries remained silent. Brady went on:

"This afternoon, at the weigh-in, I want you to be naked on the couch in your dressing room. I'll be bringing Fitz in to see you now . . ."

The wily Brady told Jeffries his plan:

Before the weigh-in, Brady started an argument with Fitz's manager on the subject of a "clean break." Hearing the raised voices in the challenger's dressing room, Fitz entered—and saw the huge lady of Jeffries reclining on the couch. Instead of a flabby fighter, he saw a man in perfect condition.

More, the challenger rose from his couch, and said:

"Let's settle this argument now.

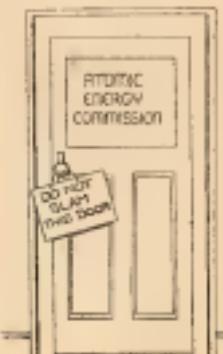
The way I see a clean break is that—and he started to push Fitz around in his interpretation of a clean break. Surprisingly, he found that he was able to push the stocky fighter whom around at will.

Brady's plan had come off. Not only had Jeffries morale been heightened, but Fitzsimmons, for the first time, had seen the man, stripped, again when he had set his rifle. As Jeffries said: "Why, he's not as strong as Tom Sharkey, and I beat him. Now I'll beat Fitzsimmons."

And Fitzsimmons was beaten. He could have been beaten, not so much by Jeffries' performance that night, but by Brady's game that afternoon.

And thus the Sweet Science goes on. Many of the tricks used by the old-timers—such as nose-covering an opponent's head to the position where a good punch will make the nape bounce against a straight-on noose—will be used.

But there's nothing in the rules that says a man can't be talked into hitting his head—and the decision



## NIGHTCLUBS aren't always fun



You'll need to be a better bartender than Clark Gable to make a success of the nightclubs business—and that's not all.

IT IS six o'clock on a cool winter's morning. In a nearby park a Prince Goliat of a sun has kissed the lips of the flowers until their eyes flutter in radiant voluptuousness; the trees, blue roads, are drawing back their bands to shed the view, and the birds are bowering a welcome to a new day.

And with that burst of unadmittable poesy, let me say right now that it is a hell of a time to be evasive.

It is but five minutes since a cleaner stumbled over a chair in the dark and wakened me up. I was in the choir. I'd fallen into it two hours before when, with the last patron gone, I'd sat down to brood on the vanities of a night-club owner.

The net result of my brooding was to decide that if anyone should ask my advice about starting a night-club

I would repeat the advice given by a critic to a young man contemplating marriage in one paragraph—

Don't.

Night clubs have been my business for 15 years, and I'd have been at it longer if they had let me break in knee-pads. And at that, I'd been hearing the sounds of revelry by night since I was 18, when I founded my own band and settled down to a steady diet of one-night stands. Five years later I opened a night club in Vancouver's Chinatown.

I called the place Sammy Lee's Oriental Gardens, which may account for the fact that many people thought I was Chinese. They still do, and if necessity arises, I am prepared to pull off a spot of pidgin English to save embarrassment.

That year, 1938, was a bad year for night clubs. So many of them went bust, in fact, that if the reports had been placed end to end they'd have sounded like an atom bomb blowing its top. If you'd owned a good, safe pub with the local garbage contractor, practically any night club owner would have traded his job for yours and thrown in five dollars to even the bargain. Musicians who a few years before had been playing with big-name bands were horsing-out hats to catch passes on the side-walks. Stars who'd been pushing their noses in wheel-barrows were carrying their life savings in fob pockets.

I mean, things were tough. So there's one fundamental in running a night club you must be prepared to sacrifice knowledge—and money—against putting the "thumbs down" sign from the patrons.

Sammy Lee's Oriental Gardens became an island night club almost entirely surrounded by the watered stock of its rivals. Why? Because I learned that a club must be conducted for the benefit of the patrons, not merely of the management.

I travelled and saw other clubs. Leon and Eddie had just started up in New York then, and it was said they'd broken it at a cost of \$80 dollars. Today, it's still alive. It has a seating capacity of 300, and you'd have to eat your fingers to net 100,000 dollars if you wanted to lay it.

Leon and Eddie had found another secret of the business: how to create, by personal contact, an atmosphere of intimacy around the customers. The owners are moving around the patrons incessantly. If Mr. John Smith, of New York, is entreating cousin Helen from Little Rock he feels good and important when a night club owner treats him as though he's the most valued patron of the place.

But when Mr. Smith and Helen have gone off in the dawn, it's a safe bet that Leon and Eddie fall into chairs and brood. Yes, a east-west constitu-

tional is as invaluable an asset to a night club owner as four legs are to a staircase.

The site of New York's Zanzibar, one of the city's most popular clubs, had housed five nightclubs in five years before Joe Howard and Carl Ecke took it over, and featuring famous Negro artists, took it to the top. Within two years, the place had become too small and at the new Zanzibar any night, you will find 100 patrons.

Think of American night clubs, and you think of Sherman Billingsley. His operation, the Stork Club, a swanky place where the Four Hundred gather to assist in the payment of Billingsley's stiff salaries—claims of 10,000 dollars each week. If Billingsley behaves in fairness you can be sure that he thinks the one with the shiniest croon and happiest word is Wales Winchell. The night club owner was introduced to Winchell by Texas Gunzen, seven years ago, and ever since Winchell's column has "plastered" the Stork Club like read. Winchell has a special title at the club, and it uses of its major attractions.

There's no doubt that Winchell's friendship for Billingsley made the Stork the most popular night club in New York for socialites. Publicity—good publicity—brought the crowds to the Stork, and Billingsley built it with service.

So—you'll need to be a better knacker than Clark Gable if you go into the night club business. Now you get the publicity or something you'll have to work out for yourself. In Chicago, there's a very successful cabaret which features billygoats. The cabaret, in fact, is called the Billy-goat Inn, and it's operated by a Billy Goat.

Sammy had a small bar and was getting nowhere fast until one day in the depression years, he was charged by the police with having maintained a road on taxmen premises. The reason for the goat being there was not re-

In England and America it is being predicted that the advent of television will greatly influence the style of architecture and furnishings of the average home. For one thing, windows will have to be located to provide glint against the television picture, and if television screens are made larger, more provision for indirect lighting will be necessary. Moreover, the fairly dressing room will take on the appearance of the small theatre with the addition of tables to hold plates, and there will be numerous places and cutlery. Who besides the guest who chooses and swallows suddenly! Television seems to have taken care of the problem. How to keep your eye on the children after school. Provided you have a television set, please will observe his own hospitality. You may entertain in the kitchen, whilst the mouthfuls' participants peer into your drawing room, spilling cake flour and cushion in rapt contemplation of a single 4 hours of adult television fare.

vanted, but it is possible that its presence was dictated by the possibility of Sienna ensuring against starvation in court, however. Sienna declared plaintively,

"I love goats, your honor. They are my friends. I treat them like my own kids, only better."

The plea was accepted, and the case made the newspapers, and Billy Sienna was on the way up. He grew a post-like beard, treated goats to run unruly patients from the bar, and even tried, during the war years, to buy bonds in their name so that they would enjoy social security in their old age.

It was thought by many that Sienna was as witty as a peasant since manna, but although many restaurateurs, including repeat, would hesitate to use goats for publicity purposes, the rug paid off. Today, Billy Sienna's esthetic is worth 200,000 dollars and—that might be even more satisfying to the owner—he is able to treat his patients as though they were almost his equal. Immediately after the war, he headed a sign reading: "The War is Over, And the Customer is Always Right Again—Except Here."

He has maintained that motif in his approach to customers ever since. With his goats to support him should

his treatment be misunderstood, he is prone to confront high-ranking army officers with the consciousness of a rival tavern and order him out, refuse entry to stampy celebrants, like Mickey Rooney, on the score that they should be home in bed; treat stars like Sesja Blane as though they were waitresses applying for a job.

Frankly, you see, is where you find it.

Frankly, my own ventures have been based on the success of the Copacabana in New York, the secret of whose success is that it attracts a mixed patronage—mostly, business executives and just nice people trying to find themselves a good time. It costs 2000 dollars a week to operate the Copacabana, but for that the patrons will dive naked, see a famous star like Jenny Durelle or Sophia Taylor, and many of the world's most beautiful showgirls.

Which brings us to floor shows. How try to produce a top-grade floor show for a night club? You'll need to know how to do it, for, unless you're prepared to employ a highly-paid executive, you'll spend much time biting your nails to the elbow, worrying about the end of the business. You'll

need a better audience, of course, and your band leader will be a big help, but whether your floor show has the potential where it should depends a lot on yourself.

You will begin to build your next show as paper—as soon as this one has finished at last rehearsal. You will spend three days, from two till six in the evening, on rehearsals—and remember, you probably will not have been to bed the night before. And when that shows as its way, you'll start worrying about the next.

Staff? My place needs 200 persons, and I employ 60 boys and girls. You'll need a head-waiter and 10 waiters, a chef and a kitchen staff of 12, a doorman, a checkroom girl, office staff, the dance band and the artists—and unless you can secure a right-hand man who knows the business as well as yourself, you'll have to train them and keep them in training.

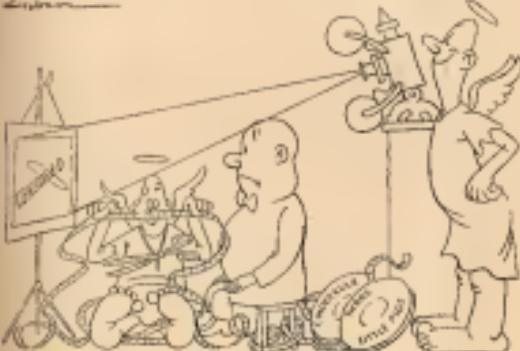
And knowing all this, if you're still

smart to start a night club, ask yourself these questions: have you enough tact to overcome the difficulties imposed by the unscrupulous character who believes the night hasn't passed well unless he throws some decent plastic? Can you talk more or less graciously to your patrons while you're wondering where you're going to place Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Smith and party, who have decided to come into your club after the theatre—and the place already checked? Will you be able to hide your concern about the new waiter who, you hope, just this once, won't spill the soup over an eminent patron's head? Will you be sure never to forget to check on the props used on the stage, or whether the laundry's come back and a hundred and one other details?

And finally, can you get by with a couple of hours sleep a day?

That, come to think of it, is about the hardest job of all in operating a night club.

#### Sylvester



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

# ghost Town's past was gaudy

RAYMOND R. SIMMONDS



They had no cinema, and street art was not even a dream, but they had all the drama of the West.

MRS HENRY WOOD made a notable contribution to the pockets of roving theatrical companies when she wrote her celebrated play "East Lynne." Where other plays might fail to make the box office, the non-joker was guarantee of a howling macock, and, at the turn of the century, citizens of town and city were red-eyed but excited as Little Willie was and was again died his tragic death.

That is, all but the people of Minco—that then gaudy mining town west of Newcastle. When the bass tried to rouse up the place, as with Little Willie's pathetic death, things really happened.

It was a坐able audience that arranged itself on wooden forms in the local hall on Main Street for the per-

formance of the epic play by a famous company. Certainly the best people had gathered for this long-drawn-out cultural event. There was a cross-section of miners, the business people were there en masse, the town's clever politicians were present, and probably all the clergy of the seven churches Minco boasted in those days.

The performance was proving to be all they had hoped. Tears dropped silently and handkerchiefs were screwed to tiny balls. Came the claxon, and Willie's last fatal words—*"Goodbye, papa!"*

Sale of pity quickly turned to scenes of rage, as with short sharp squalls of terror a long rope net bounded into the hall followed by a pack of thirty boomer bands, their

woodcladding bowls sending the sight and completely spoiling the show.

Round and round the hall the snakes sped, overturning the chairs as they went up on to the stage and back down among the audience of people, the sounds of crashing wood mingling with screaming and cursing and the baying of the boomer bands. Little Willie, his night shirt flapping, was the first member of the cast to seek shelter backstage, dead and all as he was supposed to be.

The frenzies continued for best part of a quarter of an hour. By the time the dogs had caught their squeaking prey, the hall was a shambles, and bones were the heart of the damage suffered by the members of the audience.

Outside, highly pleased at the outcome of their picnic, the town henchmen surveyed the wreckage. There were three among the enraged audience who went to their graves wondering what eventually did happen in the play.

It is hard to believe nowadays that there was ever a main street or that odd rule of a town that used to be Minco. Difficult to imagine that "East Lynne" would ever have an audience there, or even that traffic once flowed between the town, Newcastle and Wallend. Seagull houses and deserted mine workings are a sad reminder of its former life, of John Brown and his millions, of Bobbie Whittle and his flashing fist, of the Thomas brothers, names forever in the mining world.

At its peak the population of Minco was about eleven thousand and it remained at that level for many years. The town, had it survived today, would have been a worthy competitor with Cessnock for the title as to which town orbited the most beer per head during the year, for the streets of our wagons rolling down Main Street—many of them steering their course towards the direction of the

"Bonnie Doon" was never-ending.

One of its citizens was James Brown, who, before he died in 1938 and left the controlling shares of his flourishing mining company to his son John—became one of the wealthiest men in Australia. A curious story is told of John Brown and Harry Leader, the Scottish comedian Leader and Brown became great friends, partly owing to their common interest in the breeding of rare fowls, and the friendship might have been lasting had it not been for the death of Brown's housekeeper, a woman who had looked after him for thirty years. When news of the bereavement leaked over to Scotland Harry Leader sent a message of sympathy, and on the back of the card neatly written, was the request, "If you can send along that batch of Chinese Speckled Hua eggs, I would be greatly obliged." Yea, Harry Leader! The enraged Brown tore down his treasured portrait of Leader and there is no record that the Scotman ever got his eggs.

The main enjoyment in Minco on a Sunday, would be to spend in a large and beautiful orange orchard some distance from the town. With seats under the trees and with the admission fee of but one single bob entitling the selector to as many swings as he could eat, the place drew large crowds.

Another famous attraction was the Minco Railway, referred to as the "Rule of death." With an engine doing battle in Cessnock war vintage, and one carriage which the train wouldattle along the rails at a alarming speed (or so it seemed) as far as Blabba. Even the tickets, printed in startling colours, would scare the uninitiated. Etched on them, in bold red lettering, was the warning "**AT THE PASSENGER OWN RISK**".

In those days who lived in Minco in those days would have to be a madman now of Bobbie Whittle? It is not likely. For Bobbie—Minco's heavyweight champion who was after

Frank Whittle, the Englishman who started the propeller jet plane, spent three months of the war in Broken Hill, U.S.A., whilst the Americans brought out their twin-engined jet plane in America under an assumed name, to win certain secret information and never knowing his name. It seemed that one particular writer was having his own particular revenge, opining: Whittle himself by turning up odd hours of the day and night. Whittle saw daylight when he discovered the writer was a member of the FBI.

on training runs. The day came when Bobbie trotted down Main street with a companion, and since, after that, he was not quite as full of energy, it was presumed that his companion—who continued to accompany him—proved legal is the cause.

Sport had its place in the life of the town. Bobbie Whistleau was a champ, who, given an even break, would have made a world name for himself. Through misfortunes in many games dogged his footsteps and held him back, seldom in his fights did an opponent get a chance to recover after receiving one of his formidable blows. In the end it was age that stopped him, and even in his last days in the ring he fought brilliant fights, winning by sheer ferocity of purpose.

Lou Dandy, who lived at Mountland, often spared of Miners and many of the former residents of the town still relate tales of his kindness, unassuming manners and unbelievable skill.

The Back Creek Colliery, in its day the most modern mine in the Southern Hemisphere, produced more tonnage miners than any other pit in Australia. Of forty pits operating in the north, twenty seven of them at one time or another were managed by men who had started at Back Creek Colliery, including the well-known "Boney" Hearn.

Of course the gold rush to the west turned Miners residence as much as it did the rest of the population.

When Hargraves opened his treasure store of millions and some forty business men who went out there prospecting, packed up a mangel weighing 30 catties, and a blacksmith from Bonython was said to have collected eleven pounds of gold from one hole, Miners joined the rest—the crowds that deserted Sydney, the emigrants that began to pour in. All their money went into transport and implements for the task.

the big lights but thought training a poor worthy of his natural prowess—or already a legend which will be told for generations yet.

Training days were rare days for this lad. He used to make a great show, in his top, running down Main Street. Train shippers and tolling masters, alike, would give him a cheer and business men still call to their door as he passed past. Coming straight of the Dennis Deans he'd make a point of running down the offers of a drink, and the customers would spur him forward, with mock enthusiasm; well they knew his rate, but would never give him away, for what use, thought they, of bringing a slave to an end. And so Bobbie would trot, until he had trotted right out of sight—of Miners, anyhow. And then he'd find a shady nook, and sleep until at the time the Baker's nest was due from West Wellingore he would be making another show of getting back to town, and the baker, glad of his company, would offer a bit.

Still, his trainer was not altogether asleep, and 'er long had become suspicious of Bobbie's unswayed energy

Tom Sunnmonds of the "Bennie Deen" was among them. And Tom regretted the adventure. Tom and many others. For the residents of Miners were not among those who gained. Far from it. They returned to Miners, the poorer and the sicker.

Miners saw the usual peddlers and indecent rascals of the nineteenth century come. One such character—bookbinder and author—doctored a scheme which brought him both money and welcome whenever he went around the Miners area. His contention was that books did not sell well unless they were in a series.

as he wrote his own verse, the plot anachronizing somewhere in the sixteenth century, book by book gradually working through one family until he caught up with the present times and, alas, his series was to an end. It is on record that the literary-minded of the Miners population eagerly bought his books.

Today, in other parts, the old-timers still remember of the days when they gathered at the "Bennie Deen" to imbibe heady beer at threepence per round. Miners, they say, was a great town!

## BUSY



3-14

When the counts are required to settle three baby muddles in twelve months you can't help wondering, can you?

TESS WAITE



## WHOSE CHILDREN ARE YOURS?

A PRIVATE nursing home at Freiburg, Switzerland, records the adventure of expectant mother Mrs. Madeline Joye on July 6, 1941, and the subsequent birth of an infant of her twin boys.

Mrs. Joye's first reaction on seeing her sons was one of amazement, for never in her life had she known twins as dissimilar. One was completely bald, and the other had a shock of black hair; the dark-haired boy was heavier than his brother.

Now, Mrs. Joye was very tired after her ordeal, and though she thought she had heard the sister remark that there was not a fraction of difference in the weight of the twins at birth, she left no week to start an investigation just then. When next she saw the infants she had become accustomed to the idea of having such dissimilar babies, and, if she thought at all of her earlier reaction, it was to blame

low physical state for her strange unconsciousness. She called the dark one Paul and his brother Philip.

Philip and Paul were not only dissimilar in appearance. As they began to develop, it was evident that they were in no way alike in character and personality. The heavier child was belligerent, a "leader," the other was shy and retiring. However, they played well together and ate well along in the Joye family quite smoothly for five years—until the children were enrolled at the local strict school.

The Joyes were French-Swiss German-speaking school at the same time as the twins was a little German-Swiss boy, Ernest Vatter.

Ernest was like Philip Joye that inquisitive and pupils could not tell them apart, a circumstance that was regarded as very fortunate and a strange coincidence. As well as looking alike the two children displayed the same

temperament and they often played together despite the little Vatter boy's difficulty with the French language.

The neighbors had remarked to Mrs. Joye that they had seen her Philip in the street at a time when she insisted he had been in the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Joye had never seen Ernest—when they did see him it was a rare shock. It was at a religious procession commemorating the feast of Corpus Christi during the boy's first school-year.

The procession moved along the street up to the spot where Mr. Joye stood gazing with his wife on their son. His wife, by his side, assured that her shy son Philip was in the first line of infants leading the procession. Proudly she waved, but he seemed to look right through her. A moment later she saw her twin walking hand in hand. She stood petrified, seeing the two Phillips at the one time. Her husband's answer was silent.

The mother ran to the head of the procession, found Ernest and gently demanded his name.

The shy child, terrified at her question, could not understand the question in French. She repeated it in German and he replied simply:

"I am called Ernest Vatter."

Mrs. Vatter had also noticed her son was the vanguard of the procession, and, observing the strange behavior of the other woman, turned forward to protect him. As Ernest threw himself, sobbing, on her neck, the father of the twins took her arm, and asked where Ernest was born.

Joye knew beyond doubt that the boy was his own son. The woman's words confirmed his belief. Ernest Vatter had been born on the same occasion in the same hospital at which his wife had given birth to the twins.

Before the Vatter-Joye mix-up had been cleared, another baby drama was in progress, the first set taking place in October, 1945 in the government hospital at Nicosia, Cyprus. The chief characters were Mrs. Panayiotou

Thakousou and her baby Alice, and Mrs. Thalassia Shashi and her child Christodotis.

Only Mrs. Joye, Mrs. Panayiotou trusted her own eyes and instincts rather than hopped identification routine. She sensed that her baby had a tiny nose on an ear. The nose was missing when the baby was born to her for the second time.

Mrs. Panayiotou was distraught. Mrs. Shashi remained unprejudiced. The nurses and doctors did no more than try to calm the excited patient. Mrs. Panayiotou would not be calmed, either in the hospital or on her discharge. She continued to protest until last December, after a three-year fight, the court heard the case in her favor.

And the year the Panayiotou baby was born was the same year that Miss W. Morrison and Mrs. Neel Jenkins gave birth to their controversial babies in the Kyrenia District Hospital. Mrs. Morrison insisted that the hospital had given her Mrs. Jenkins' child. The State Full Court settled the case against her in March this year.

Then only a few days later came news from Glasgow of a baby mix-up at the Johnstone Hospital, Renfrewshire, Scotland. These baby muddles settled within the space of twelve months.

Johnstone Hospital, Renfrewshire, a hospital where they trace the胎 system of identification, yet in March this year two mothers named, and were discharged with, the wrong babies.

Mrs. Jean Wilson and Mrs. Nancy Barclay, both 22-years-old partners gave birth to baby boys on the same day the infants were labelled.

Somehow or other the胎 identity of Mrs. Wilson's baby became disturbed, and the baby went to Mrs. Barclay. Mrs. Wilson received the Barclay baby and, being completely satisfied with what she saw and the emotions she experienced, she ne-

## HERE COMES THE BRIDE

How to be happy though married—you feed them,  
Now and then kid them you actually need them,  
You listen and laugh at the stories they tell you.  
pretend you believe in the lies that they tell you.  
You build up their egos and coddle and soothe them,  
Comfort and cosset and generally smooth them  
Show intelligent interest and never be brassy,  
Far better be branded a dill and a sonny.  
Don't pout in their faces, don't snort and nag them  
Don't show you mistrust them, don't harrumph and gag them,  
Don't frown at their troubles but humor and help them,  
Though most of the time you're just longing to skip them!

KAY GRANT

glad to refer to the identification card.

The nurses discovered the mistake in discharging Mrs. Wilson. The Superintendent was away at the time and they decided to let the mother stand in abeyance until her return. So Mrs. Wilson left with the Barley baby.

When Superintendent W. G. Mackay returned to the hospital he had to face one of the most serious situations of his career. The morning following his return both mothers received disturbing spirals.

Opening an envelope Mrs. Wilson read:

"I much regret that on returning to the hospital last night I was informed by the nursing staff that the baby presented to you throughout your stay in hospital, and reared by you as your own, you found on discharge to be clearly labelled 'Barley'."

"There can be no doubt, therefore, that you have been given the wrong baby."

"Your own baby, whose identifi-

cation label became detached, was given to Mrs. Barley from the time of birth until discharge."

"I will do what I can to rectify this situation if you will return the baby on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock."

"Come in a taxi at the hospital's expense."

"I will arrange for Mrs. Barley to

do the same and the babies can be "changed."

Luckily Dr. Mackay both couplings found the explanation reasonable.

To get back to the Wilsons and the Joyes. When Mrs. Vitter realized the import of the situation outside the church during the recessional, she gathered up her child and forced her way through the crowd of spectators to gain the sanctuary of her home. Ernest, she insisted was her child, no stranger would ever take him from her.

Nevertheless, as the days passed, during which the Joyes came along that she assist in having the case investigated, she realized that to justify

as belief she must allow an enquiry. Professors Fraenkelbach and Bevan of Geneva were appointed to take the blood tests of the children and every member of their families.

Specimens they sent to laboratories in London, Göttingen and New York proved that Paul could not be the son of Mrs. Joye, but that he could be the son of Mrs. Vitter. It was also possible that Ernest Vitter was the son of Mrs. Joye, and that if—unlike the two children—there was one pair of identical twins born of a single egg, those twins were Philip Joye and Ernest Vitter.

This was only one proof. Ernest and Philip were found to belong to the same fingerprint group; their eyes and ears were similar in pattern. X-rays revealed similar dental pectinations; both were color blind, and each lacked a certain small bone in the right hand.

The panel was almost complete enough to satisfy, but there still remained the skin grafting test. A small piece of Ernest's skin and a piece of Philip's were grafted onto Philip's left arm. Ernest's skin died, but the skin from Ernest's arm kept itself into Philip's skin tissues.

Even Mrs. Vitter was satisfied. The transfer was earned off by nurses

who called simultaneously at both houses, collected the children and returned them to their rightful parents.

What of little Alex Penangiotis, or Shanti? Mrs. Penangiotis and Mrs. Shanti each tested the child presented to them at the hospital. Mrs. Penangiotis under protest.

Except for the unfortunate situation that Mrs. Penangiotis' husband had been killed in the R.A.F. before the baby's birth, a blood test might have cleared the matter immediately. Doctor and the mother would have to wait until the babies were three years old before a test could prove anything. When at the end of that period a test was taken it was proved that Mrs. Penangiotis could not be the mother of the child known as her son.

If Mrs. Penangiotis had protested against having to bring up a child she was convinced was not her son, it seems that she had a big heart, for little Christodoulos cried bitterly when she took him to the Shanti home at Ayios Varyres village and left with Alex.

Even in the manner of the court case Mrs. Penangiotis reflects favorably. So delighted was she to have at last won her son that she paid the expenses herself with savings she earned as a housemaid.



# CAVERN

## of Death

JACK PEARSON



Towering precipices stretched seemingly to the sea as the sailing "General Grant" listed down towards them.

THE cave curves a gloomy, 20 feet high up in a sheer wall of asphalt-cliff. Mists shroud it and the cold Antarctic gales scream and sob as they swirl through its crevices, disturbing, with their moans, the galls and boulders that rest in its shadows and every so often wrenching from its roof a crashing cascade of collapsing rock.

Beyond the spume-fuming and writhing sheets of slate, it seems dim and wet and mysterious, and there is nothing to show that, beneath the long, low surface of the Southern Ocean penetrating into its depths, lie among the bones of a tall ship and her company two iron-bound boxes containing a

veritable treasure—\$378 ounces of gold.

The cave guards its secret well and, though in the past 40 years many men have sought it, the two boxes still rest undisturbed at the core.

There was no unusual excitement when, on May 1, 1946, the ship "General Grant" cleared out from Melbourne for London.

Her cargo of wool and general passengers had been stowed below deck and Captain Loughlin had the two boxes of gold secure in his cabin.

The Reverend Father Steele had no passengers; he had joined Mr. and Mrs. Bay, Miss Gell and family and the other five first-class passengers in the saloon; the thirty-three men and

women in the second and third classes, their backs turned without regret on the lurky-lurky of the coming escape, were too busy settling into their new quarters to have much thought of anything else; and the crew had enough to occupy them as they eased the "General Grant" out through the Rio.

In all, there were seventy-one souls aboard. The "General Grant" moved sedately into Ross Strait and, as the last flicker of her screws faded over the horizon, she—and 41 of her complement—passed to no factor as a date as ever before a ship in the history of the sea.

It happened nine days later. By then, the "General Grant" was bearing past the Auckland Islands. But Captain Loughlin was viewing the storm-swept expanse of too many good ships without alarm. Though it was late afternoon and through the haze he could see the waves thunder and shiver on the crags and paroxysms of the jagged coast, the "General Grant" was running sweetly, with a fair breeze and sea-room to spare.

"We'll have those well soon by morning, thank God!" said Captain Loughlin, parting abashed at the chink.

Hardly can any prophecy have been water from the truth. It was as if the demon of the islands heard the Captain's boat and sneered.

As the sun sank over the edge of the sea, the wind sank with it. Fusing the deck, Captain Loughlin saw the canvas flatten and sag limply. A last tiny breeze brushed the ship and she swallowed slowly into the centre of a dead calm. Captain Loughlin sighed desirably to watch the ocean swaying shift. Then, suddenly, he shivered and began to worry for the crew.

A swaying tide was swinging the "General Grant" bodily down towards the fangs of the towering precipices that stretched menacingly to the sea.

Urged by the shrill snorts of the

males, all the women sang combining up from below. But there was nothing that they could do. The "General Grant" was helpless in the grip of the current which with murderous persistence drew her closer and closer to the deadly cliff.

Now on, she drifted onwards and night settled over her without even a gust of wind.

Thudding out of the darkness came the noise of the sea, beating in ham-mocks on the heaving rocks and soon Captain Loughlin could hear even the suck of the receding waves as they fell back defeated at the heel of the urge. Powerless to check his ship from the whims of the tide, he could only wait and hope. He hoped in vain.

It was half past eleven when the howl struck the cliffs and splintered with a rending crash. The "General Grant" reeled with a groan of protesting timbers and went broadside on.

The rock wall lowered above her and she commenced to drift along the foot of the cliff.

If the cliff had continued in an unbroken line, it is possible, that in the end, the "General Grant" might have drifted close. But it was not to be. The solid blackness of the cliff changed without warning into another blackness . . . a blackness which seemed more fluid, less tangible but no less threatening. Yawning before her like the gaping of a hungry mouth and sweeping above the tops of the waves and the spray, Captain Loughlin looked into the giant eye.

And, as he looked, he felt the "General Grant" leap beneath him. With a violent rush, the current plunged through the ghostly opening between the "General Grant" with it and hurling her to her doom in the realm of death.

The waves, threatening sets the cave, added their strength to the tug of the current and drove her still deeper into its recesses. Tossed up by the swell,

Compared with men, women are said to be shorter in height by 6½ inches. Lighter in weight by 15 pounds, have lighter bones by 24 pounds, live longer by 42 years; their hearts beat faster; their nostrils by 8 times bleed more; in hours by 90 points, they are more courageous by 1 in 125. Have reproductive less often by 1 to 5; are midwives more often by 2 to 1; are naturally blonde less often by 21 to 24; are blue-eyed less often by 4 to 5; are more robust and courageous by 2 to 1; are drunk less often by 10 to seven.

Her hands stabbed into the rocky root, dislodging huge masses of stone that crashed like cannon-balls to the deck, crashing and wavering and letting their towering victims as they hallooed. Sparks and sparks swirped like the flickering light of the flames above like streams of blood on the swooning shadows; and flocks of scared birds fluttered madly, mingling their piercing cries with the tortured shrieks of women and children.

"Six fathers!" called the leadman in the chains, his voice half lost in the tumult. "Six fathers! oh!"

Almost as an echo to his words, a mighty surge lifted the "General Grant" and tossed her towards the rock. Her rudder smashed against the toppling rock and its head drove tearing down through the splintering planks of her hull. A long wall of agony rang through the crew as the "General Grant" listed sharply to starboard.

The bows' broad by the broad-veiled Captain Loughlin, with the banners of knifed-men flotsam showered down.

Kneeling on the deck with the whispering women and children

about him, the Reverend Father Sarda prayed while the crew rowing at the long boat. Under the pitch-had of rock the crew somehow packed 40 frantic hours into it and let go the oars. Another great wave smote the long-boat and threw it, spilling, against the wall of the cave. It capsized into matchwood and amongst its eddying fragments bobbed tortured faces that swam briefly and then were lost.

All except three. By what can only be explained as a miracle, three of the forty in the long-boat escaped from the icy waters and regained the "General Grant's" deck. But they returned only to new agony.

The "General Grant" sank deeper. The sea broke over her, foaming about Father Sarda where he knelt and Captain Loughlin, gone down steadily with his ship. Still the pounding rocks resounded and mingled and still the punctured sea-birds marshaled their companioning with the tempest, still planet of the doomed.

For a second, the "General Grant" seemed to pulse and roar herself. Then, she shuddered still with a last violent lunge disappeared under the black rock.

The reddish light of the flames distorted and was extinguished. The coils of the galleys died slowly into silliness and a shroud of darkness once more was spread over the savary. The long waves rolled unbroken against the rock. Only a sleep or two of oblivion remained to shore where once the "General Grant" had been.

Yet again all probability, twelve people . . . how, they could never

properly explain . . . were cut short from the crew.

Captain Loughlin was not amongst them nor was Father Sarda. The Chief Officer had taken over the command.

Striking at the nose of a giant, cockle-shell boat they fought with the current and, as dawn was breaking, they dredged their exhausted

bodies ashore on the rocky mainland.

Drenched and weakened as they were, worn-out and semi-drunken, they nevertheless managed to start a fire.

Fourteen months later, it was still burning. But the Chief Officer could wait no longer. Scouring the parched, starved faces of his compatriots, he made up his mind. With four seamen, he again embarked in his cockle-shell craft to seek help. With a promise to return, he rowed off into eternity.

Another four months later and the fire was still alight. Seven hapless souls were crouched around it, trying to warm themselves against the November cold, when something glimmered through the haze.

"A sail!" they told one another unhesitatingly. "A sail!"

A few expectant hours and they were aboard the big "Amber." As she took the wind in her sails and moved for home, it must have been with miraculously eyes that the seven gazed back to where the "General Grant" lay, with her gold and her company, in her fortress grave.

They are all the covers ever allowed to enclose. The rest of its body is still untouched.

Seven years later, the French barque "Alexandre" carried a party of scientists to the cave. But, though they noted the trend of the planet Venus, they saw no sign of the "General Grant's" gold.

Soon after, the schooner "Flora" reached the gloomy doorway. She had been discovered by a Mr. Taylor and a Mr. Stevens, M.L.C., of New South Wales. But she had no more luck than the "Alexandre." As a matter of fact, she had worse, for her two owners quarreled and the "Flora" remained, empty and forlorn, to Sydney.

Then, the "Gamilis" was charted at Lyttleton, New Zealand. Though she too failed, she taught on success. She seems to have located the "General Grant" by accident. But that is as close as she got to the treasure. For some unknown reason, the search was abandoned and the "Gamilis" came back to port.

But, in the meantime, the crew carved a 20-foot high gap in a sheer wall of soft-battered cliff and there is nothing to show that within it festering the bones of a tall ship and her company, lie two treasure-hoards containing 2,000 ounces of Australian gold.



# *It started this way*



The wacky lady may have been English or Scot, but when she said "Come over my fire and take pot luck," she was issuing an Irish invitation. It was once the custom in the country districts of Ireland to leave hot oil on the stove & large pot of stew. Whatever was fished out of the cauldron was called "pot luck." Hence the expression "taking pot luck."

America without dollars is rather hard to imagine. Still, even the dollar had an origin up to did the dollar sign. In the days when America had no legal currency, the first settlers found the Spanish dollar the most useful coin. The dollar was equal to eight Spanish reals and was divided by the figure 8 with lines either side to avoid confusion with the figure 0—from which evolved the present \$ sign.



Sterling silver has its origin in an honest name, Easterlings, the name of a family of Saxon leaders, whose absolute honesty was evidenced so widely that in 1215, King John, in between arguments with Simon de Montfort regarding an English Parliament, was exerting British silver by giving the Easterlings the job of making English coins, a job they did so well that their name is still used as a sign of solid worth.

One idea that didn't come out of a hat was the manufacture of the hat itself, which began about 500 years ago. No, this one came out of a helmet, which men, apparently, so much enjoyed wearing, as to want to cover their heads for other purposes than protection. They also continued the practice of having the head and extending a hand on entering a house, a custom denoting trust and goodwill.



The modern man expertly making microglyptics on a pad, to the accompanying pair of a satisfied host, is not performing entirely per favor of Isaac Pitman. They had a system of shorthand in Athens as early as the fourth century B.C., and the first workable system was perfected by the Roman, Marcus Tullius Tiro, three centuries later. No real improvement until Pitman in the nineteenth century!



## DAMSELS *aflote*

What's that? Captain and mate sailing over the chasm? That's right. No man aboard this lugger. And if the wondering finger is indicating position, there's not a speck of land in sight. Wind blowing up, too! Still, Scandinavian girls know about boats. They know how to steal the fun and dodge the danger.



By the looks of that sail we'd say that this crew of delectability hasn't a very soft patch. But if it is in the line of duty there's not much that can be done about it. As we were saying, girls in her part of the world know about these things, which is just as well, for loss of this life and limb would be a pity if ever there was one.



Land ahoy! And smiling about it, too. So there! Time offers some pleasures after all. But, ohmy! And there's only one fly in their ointment. The summer is far too short so they can't afford to put off 'til tomorrow the pleasures they offer today. And if there's fun to be had, who'd want to put it off anyway?

A PILL

TO END

THE PLAGUE

MARCELLE HILTON

Typhoid and paratyphoid fever among four Australians per 1,000,000. Is this strange news at all odd?

The many silver lining with which modern medicine fight the devils of disease has scored another victory—a victory over some of the greatest human scourges of all time.

The dread, human-killing plague which has apparently snarled humanity, looks like meeting its match at last, in the hypodermic needle of the scientific surgeon. Does it seem absurd to say that this little instrument, and the newly discovered chemical, Polymyxin, could have spared London the grim and terrible plague year of which Defoe wrote the famous journal? That, and nothing less, is the hope of the discoverers of Polymyxin—that and more.

But to meet polomyxin, come back for a minute from those dreams of historical width to one simple case which will introduce you to the substance—the unhappy home in which a

one-week-old baby and its thirteen-months-old brother were both suffering the agony of whooping cough. The little baby, with a temperature of over 100 degrees was in a serious condition.

There seemed no chance that the infant could pull through the arduous winter, as a last resort, the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine at Baltimore was appealed to—and—wonders of wonders—just at the time when the Hopkins doctors had reached the stage in their Polymyxin trials where the chemical could be experimented with safety, on human beings.

The babies became the patients of the drug, two of the seven persons on whom the first reports of Polymyxin were made.

The condition of the weaker baby was critical, but within one day of the substance being injected into the un-

developed muscles, his temperature had returned to normal and the cough had been banished. Both infants returned to normal health, seeming to suffer no after effects of the disease, and, already, Polymyxin had proved itself a medical weapon justifying the risk involved in the first experiment.

But the Hopkins doctors were looking further than the saving of one baby's life. The disease they had elected to defeat, in the opinion of their efforts, was the plague that until now had outwitted medical skill. If what they believed of Polymyxin were true the plague and its allies—the other main diseases which pack off millions annually in Asia and thousands nearer home—would have met their match. The curse of undulant fever and typhus would be beaten, and so would typhoid and paratyphoid, which can kill a man in a few hours; neither would meningitis and blood poisoning continue to carry the threat of death. In a more general use, if these hopes were realized, here was a speedy cure for bacterial dysentery and for the various types of urinary tract infection.

The doctors were not to be disappointed. Already since then, the drug has proved itself against undulant fever—in the case of a 15-month-old woman who arrived at Johns Hopkins with a temperature of 105 degrees and was discharged within three weeks of the commencement of Polymyxin treatment. Temperature had dropped to normal after eight days of treatment, the injections had been continued for another five days, and a week later she was well enough to leave.

Similar success marked treatment of a chronic sufferer of the fever—and if either of these two patients suffers a relapse, Polymyxin will have proved itself indeed for this is something which no other drug has accomplished.

The disease at which Polymyxin is directed may not be underestimated as

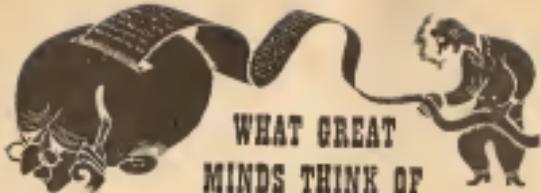
threats to Australia, despite strict quarantine which guards against the introduction of disease from outside. Typhoid and paratyphoid fever kill annually at the rate of four persons per 1,000,000 of the Australian population, necessitating \$2 per 1,000,000.

Even whooping cough, regarded by the majority of families as just another childhood disease, takes an average of \$1 per 1,000,000. And despite all efforts to guard against the introduction of outside infection, the recent Small Pox scare—when routine vaccinations failed to detect disease in a passenger ship, and carriers were allowed to mix freely with the population—gives the laugh a complete summary on the score.

As an aid to surgery Polymyxin has shown definite superiority over other drugs. Treatment of an 11-month-old baby with a severe burn proved that two units of polymyxin could stop the growth of a germ that 50 units of streptomycin did not arrest. The baby which became infected with the blue pus-forming germ, *Escherichia coli*, was cured with Polymyxin after every type of treatment had been tried without success. Within six days of the having received the injection, the germ had been beaten, and the infection cleared, so that the doctors could begin skin grafting to replace the tissue destroyed by the burn.

But Polymyxin—the wonder antibiotic chemical—is not effective against tubercular germs, a field in which streptomycin scores. The new chemical's success is with the "Gram negative" germs which cause much more serious illness than that caused by the Gram positive germs such as streptococci.

So far there has been only one unpleasant reaction to the drug. This was the development of fever after 18 days of polomyxin treatment in the chronic sufferer of undulant fever. The doctors ascribed this was probably an allergic reaction, and may not occur again.



## WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK OF **WOOING**

To an old lesson, time approves it true,  
And those who know it best, deplore it most,  
When all is won that all desire to win,  
The poultry prize is hardly worth the cost.

—Dryden.

The sweetest way to hit a woman's heart is to  
Take arm wrestling.

—Douglas Jerrold.

"Tis sweet to think that whatever we love  
We are sure to find something blissful and dear;  
And that when we're far from the lips we love,  
We've but to make love to the lips that are near;

—Masson.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a gun.  
But of a wandering "Ho" semi-blown from the mouth of a woman,  
That I confess I'm afraid of, now am I ashamed to confess it.

—Longfellow.

"Tis enough—  
Who haters once will harm twice,  
Her heart he loves is not of ice,  
And one refusal no reflect.

—Dryd.

To get these ends, by falsehoods aids,  
Who fain to talk, dath much to be dary'd.

—Sherrick.

★ Pat Dane—Universal International Star





# exhibit



James Marcellis had attended cattle shows, but he had never thought the time would come when he would be Exhibit A, penned in with three others for the entertainment of spectators hailing from all-around.

He, the sea-captain, the captain's wife and a cabin boy—surviving castaways from a ship that had left Sydney Harbor on Friday, May 1846, and struck a reef near the Queensland coast—had been prodded and pulled, walked around, and fed on root diet for six days now, ever since their small boat had grounded on the beach at Cleveland Bay and the natives had captured them.

To a point Jeremy could appreciate the natives' sentiments; they were being welcomed as having captured some strange-achieved human, and they were enjoying their importance. But hang it all, thought Jeremy, six days is enough.

"Say, Captain, I wonder what would happen if we refused to go on show today?" This from Jeremy as they squatted over their roots, guarded by armed natives.

"They'd probably run their numerous spears right through us, Jeremy, my lad."

"And maybe they'd eat! What do you say to our being 'dogs' that time?"

"Alright, Jeremy. But take it easy. You're responsible for all I ever you know!"

Jeremy grimaced. A group of natives was approaching, brandishing their spears in an unpleasant manner and

Jeremy decided that it might be wise to co-operate.

The blacks eventually tired of the novelty and after a while the party was given freedom, taught to hunt and spear—at which arts they became more expert than the natives themselves—and gradually accepted into life of the tribe.

After two years Jeremy was the sole survivor, and he continued to live with the natives for fifteen more years. He married and had a son.

And then one day an 1849 two-surgeon who were creating a stockade near what is now Port Denison were around to hear a strange voice repeat:

"What cheer mates?"

Looking up, they saw a man—a naked man, not black and not red-acting, streaked, on their faces. In their surprise their hands reached for their muskets, but Jeremy was quick to explain:

"Don't shoot. I'm a British subject."

Jeremy Marcellis took some time to make himself respectable enough to appear before civilized people and to attend the civic reception at Rockhampton.

He made his home with his family at Bowen, and as a citizen his influence with the natives was valuable in maintaining harmony between the settlers and the people who regarded him as their brother. James Marcellis lived only two years at Bowen. He died in October, 1852.

# END OF THE LINE

The police sergeant thought it the stupidest murder he had known. Why would anyone want to kill a lawyer because he went fishing?

DON HOLT



THE river was a hundred feet below us. Halfway across, Haskell stopped the cable car. "Hard work," he said. "Let me rest a second." I glanced at his muscular truck-driver shoulders and wondered what was going on in that head of his.

Haskell looked down at the river. A howitzer gun roared across his wide mouth. "This would have been the place to kill him, instead of running a soft hook through his neck."

"Don't you think we'd better hurry?" I suggested. I was worried.

"Storm won't go any place."

"It's May. I'm thinking about," I said.

"She's all right. I took her about fifteen minutes before I found the body. She said she wanted to go up to the car and rest."

I'm not good at mathematics but I tried to do some figuring. If the cable car had been on Strom's side of the river when he was killed. There was a ridge long ago about six sheep and

six wolves, and a sheepdog whose problem was to carry them across a river two at a time. I hadn't been able to figure out that one either. I wondered if the sheriff could.

Haskell reached up and grabbed the cable with his strong thick hands and pulled our little two-seated cable car the rest of the way across.

I thought of something annoying. "You don't seem very much worried about the girl you're going to marry."

"She's still your wife—remember?" Haskell grunted.

I remembered. And I remembered that the police might like to know who had split the neck of Jarrell T. Stromel, Attorney for the Plaintiff, with a golf hook.

The screen door slammed behind Haskell and Sergeant Martin Miskin. The sergeant pushed back his cap. "This is the cruelest thing I ever saw," he said. "Who in hell would want to murder a lawyer just because he went fishing?"

I had been sitting here all the time in this fly-spotted inn, down the road

It was the lots for weeks. I saw the hammer come down, and tried to duck.

a ways from where I'd parked my car that morning, drinking muddy coffee. We had walked down horse from the cable car to phone the police, and Haskell had volunteered to take the sergeant back to the murderer scene. Now they were back.

Miskin took a naked notebook from the pocket of his uniform. "I suppose I might as well get all the information

**L**IN YUTANG says that his countrymen have a such store of frank and wonderful food recipes to teach the West what the West is ready and willing to learn from them. He says it is unlikely that this will be soon, for the Chinese would not care to send their gourmets up the Thawer or the Mungnang to teach the English and Americans how to live. He says, the art of living is a second bestment and a religion, and the spiritual values have not been separated from the material but held in a lesser enjoyment of life.

I can while we're waiting for the state trooper."

I told him my name was Jefferson Hart, that I was thirty-one years old, and that I was a timber cruiser. He had already talked to Haskell and found out that he was thirty, a log-hauling contractor and, I suppose, that he was in love with my wife.

I also told him, and he cringed it ridiculous-like into the notebook, that I had just returned to town after a two-month field trip and driven up here to the river alone at daylight to go fishing.

He looked up then. "Seems to me you'd get enough fishing out in the woods."

"I don't enjoy fishing as company time," I answered.

"This is the easiest thing I ever saw," he repeated abruptly. "You come back after being away two months and without hardly kissing your wife you drive up here alone to go fishing. Then, for some reason, your wife and Haskell decide to join you."

"Have you heard her yet?"

"A search is getting under way. It's a shock she didn't go back to the car like she told Haskell . . . Now, why

would Stornal follow all three of you up here?"

"To serve me with divorce papers," I suggested.

He nodded. "We found them on her. I must be figured he could do a little fishing while he was at it. Now, here's another thing. What would a fish guy with a three-inch hook and a three-foot handle be doing up here? Trout fishermen use a net."

"Somebody could use it to kill somebody," I suggested.

"Right. But who had a reason to kill Sternal—except you? It was you he was going to serve with papers."

I had been waiting for this. "There are thousands of lawyers. I couldn't kill them all."

"Anything between you and Haskell has? Are you friends or something?"

"We were shipmates in the army. We settled down here afterwards." I looked up and saw Haskell painfully fidgeting his kneehole when I mentioned the army.

"How long you been married?" he asked.

"Five years."

"Considering your time in the service and your present job, you and your wife must be practically strangers, eh?" Meeker glanced at Haskell's round handsomeness and then at me. I knew what he was thinking. I knew he would make some crack about when the wife away the wife would play. But I didn't tell him it wasn't Haskell I hated. I wouldn't tell him I'd given up fighting with May months ago—when it was decided that I thought more of my work than I did of her, and that all she thought about was being a good-time Charlie. I didn't tell her I'd given up giving a damn about May. I didn't tell him anything of that.

They sat on gravel outside. The surgeon twisted his neck and gaped the uniform through the screen. "The boys are here," he announced. He closed his notebook. "That's all for

now. You boys hang around till we need you."

When Haskell and I walked out of the roadhouse the sergeant was in a hurry with his boys. We walked along the orange-striped pavement until we intersected the Forest Service trail that led down the gorge to the cable car. Haskell had suggested we go back and search for May.

We padded in silence down the steep trail through heavy growth to the log platform where the cable car was moored. I got into the small seat, facing the shore. Haskell eased his belt into the opposite seat, facing me. He reached up and began pulling us across the gorge. I leaned back, thinking of May and gazing at the grey, ghostly spruce sticking out of the green second growth where a fire had once stopped the mountainside.

The cable car stopped halfway across. Haskell was staring at me and fingered his forehead—the spot he'd laid open once when he fell off a horseback on Gapian. I had often thought he hadn't been the same since that accident. "This is the end of the line," he said.

I glanced down once at the boiling froth-topped green river below. I knew now. "Why did you have to kill Sternal?" I asked.

He grimaced. "Because he didn't come up here to serve you those papers. He had just found out that you were already married."

"Did May see you do it?" I asked slowly.

He nodded once. "She. But she won't talk. I didn't take her across the river I tied her up in that old powder shack by the falls. You've always stood in my way, Jeff. Even when you didn't give a damn about her you always stood in my way. That's why she dragged me up here today—to see you. She wouldn't have gone through with the divorce as long as you were alive."

I saw Haskell's hand rush behind him and come out with a hammer. "I'll tell them you want crazy and cracked me too," he said. His voice shook. "They'll think you're the murderer."

"Only see fishermen use a golf hook," I said, fighting for a little time. "The sergeant will think it is that. You could plead temporary insanity because of your cracked head. Don't make it any worse for yourself!"

"Apparently you haven't yet grasped my meaning, Jeff. I don't need to plead anything. Where's my nastrel No. 20, Jeff. You're the greatest husband, and it's you the police are interested in. They'll never question my story, and if they did—who's to know what goes on up here?"

"That you still won't let May," I responded blankly.

It was too late for words. Haskell was standing up, grasping the cable with one hand. I saw the hammer come down and tried to duck. It glanced off my temple and exploded lights in my hand, but I clung to the seat. Then in a daze I heard the noise of a rifle shot over the sound of the rushing water below, and the thud as the bullet struck Haskell. He jerked stiffly and then slowly unseated out of the car. I shook my head clear while the car swayed back and forth like a pendulum—a pendulum of death. Then I saw Meeker standing on the platform at the end of the cable with two of his men. They had trailed us here. He was holding a rifle in one hand and waving me to come back with the other.

I reached up and grabbed the cable and began pulling the car the other way—toward the other side. The sergeant had worked everything out correctly. He could wait. I was in a hurry to get to the old powder shack above the falls and see May. I wanted to find out if I too had worked things out a little better these past few moments.



Crooky had sworn he'd bring the murderer to justice. No matter who was guilty, Flynn's death would have to be avenged.

# SLAVE TO DUTY

GERALD BRYDEN-BROWN

THE first cold sun of winter shivered at the windows. Lee Crooky's wife sighed, rested her elbows on the table and said, "I'm glad you're off duty to-night, Lee."

"Off duty?" Lee Crooky's thick eyebrows lifted quizzically. He leaned his match to the fireplace and blew a gray cloud from his pipe.

"Off duty?" he said, pushing back his chair. "Who said I was?"

His wife started to reply, but his own words foiled her.

"Lee, I've never off duty when murder has been done. You should

know that. Maybe the Department doesn't demand it, but I do! No morning, throwing out a going to have an open go while I off before a fire."

Unconscious, skin of jaw and eye, Detective Sergeant Lee Crooky lifted his huge bulk to his feet. A last expression erased Lee Crooky's face. "No wonder wives are poor than your wife!" she screamed.

"Murder, to me, is everything!"

Captain Lee Crooky stopped struggling into his overcoat long enough to clench a fist like a ham. He crumpled a battered hat on his head, patted his wife's cheek, and continued.



"I shrank from pavement pounding to detective sergeant because I hate the word 'murder'. I bring 'em back alive and make 'em take the medicines they themselves prescribe. Nothing is as morally important as getting those who take 'em."

"I know," his wife said wearily. "You've said it so many times before. Let, it's a curse—a murder curse that pushes your wife and home into the background."

"Everything," he admitted calmly. "Lee, it's my life! Seeing that killer get what they deserve I tell you, I'd take you, my own brother, or even

my own mother in, if I knew you'd committed the crime of murder. Take Flynn. He had a family. He was a policeman before he took that job of driving an armored car for the bank. Then for a few thousand dollars someone helds him up. Kills him! And you—"

He stopped. His gruff voice softened. "Lee, I'm sorry I guess I'm upset to-night. I've been a big gal trying to find the rascal who killed Flynn. Maybe a little talk with Bill would cheer me up."

"Lee"—Lee looked away—"are you sure that Bill Lord is your friend?"

On numerous occasions, it has been my pleasure to be bound by the bonds of mutual merriment in a tall, tweedy Canadian gentleman, attached to a pipe, writes Grier Carson. With "Julie Meibeshev," Walker Pidgeon and I commenced our fifth production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as man and wife. A thoroughly amiable arrangement which has given us pleasure as it has been profitable. Recently, with the "wifely" prerogative of one so often blessed with Walker's blithe spirit and presence, make no mistake about it... here is a man and a very fine Pidgeon.

Naturally, I spoke of Walker's wife in terms only. I'm continually confronted with the question: "Why don't you marry him?" My answer is: "For a thoroughly delightful and charming reason—Walker's wife Ruth to whom he has been happily married for some seventeen years."

From "Photoplay," the world's best motion picture magazine.

"What?" Startled, he paused, his hand on the doorknob. "Why, Bill Lord and I started as the fore together. Come up together. You know that?"

She replied, "I knew, Lee. But Bill isn't on the farm any more. He made money..."

"He saved money. Got a chance to do this business and took it. I'm proud Bill's come up so far."

Lee's lips formed the words "How far?" but she did not say them. She stood gazing into space as Lee Crosby emerged out into the blustery night.

Perhaps the man who considered his best friend in life, Bill Lord, might have ideas about fresh meat not being too close to the skin. Ideas concerning the vicious down of the man who had killed Flynn. At least, a talk with Bill Lord would soothe Lee Crosby.

He arrived at the block where Lord lived, his overcoat pressed close to him by the howling wind.

The gleaming white seal of a patrolman on the belt shivered in the doorway ahead. He recognized Crosby, and respectfully brushed his cap.

"One night for a murder, Sergeant Crosby," the man commanded.

"Yeah," the detective growled. "No right is good for a murder. Get that

into your head while you're pounding the beat."

He plunged into the apartment doorway, his shoulders swinging angrily.

Inside, he ran the automatic lift to the third floor. Even his big feet made no sound on the thick hall carpet, no sound when he turned left and opened a door with manicure quiet.

He never knocked, and Bill Lord never bothered with that formality when he visited the Crosby's for more modest home. They were friends. It was dark in the little entrance hall, but light glowed from a half-opened transom over the door into Bill Lord's living room. Lee Crosby's huge hand closed over the doorknob—and then he stopped. Voices, dull but distinguishable, drew his alert ears. He heard his own name. He did not want to eavesdrop; he did not think of that, but the words reached him as he passed, undecayed words that rooted him where he stood—"Le Crosby?" he heard Bill Lord say—and the voice complained a smid. "Yeah, I know. Hell on killers, a bloodhound and a bulldog hat without baring. I've foiled her ever since I quit being a copper and got smart for myself. He doesn't suspect a thing—the big hunk."

"Just the name," another mouselike

voice persisted. "He's dangerous. You shouldn't have given orders to have Flynn killed."

"These bands are not negotiable." Lee Crosby heard Bill Lord grant, through a whining sort of roar which beat louder and louder on his ears. Crosby's heart was pounding, and a dry taste seemed to powder in his mouth.

"TE dispose of the bonds through an honest channel?" Bill Lord laughed. "Flynn—well, why take chances? Besides, the guy who did the job and got Flynn is out of the way, too. So who's to know?"

"But Crosby..."

"He thinks I'm his friend. He's dumb. So dumb he doesn't know that I'd kill him in a minute if he found things out."

"You wouldn't mind grubbing his wife either, ah?" another voice sneered. Words. Words that awakened Lee Crosby until he hardly knew himself. Talk. Talk that tore at his heart and ripped like lightning through his mind. His hand dropped, and the ringing in his ears became a bell-like throb....

He was ready to Headquarters when his feet touched a ground of coherence once more. He felt the cold rain and the wind whipping his features free. He shook his head, and turned about, then again wheeled on his course. He couldn't arrest Bill Lord, failing as he did now. He had to get a grip on himself before he did that job. The job of arresting the man who'd been—who Lee Crosby thought had been—the best friend in the world.

Fists clenched at his sides, he marched into the old building and climbed worn stairs. He went into a little room where several detectives lounged, ignored their greeting, and plunged into his own office just off that of the chief.

"I never thought the Sergeant got tight. Hell, did you notice how glassy his eyes were?" a homicide man said

"Guess he has to get plastered to keep from blowing his top," another commented. "When he can't land a killer in the jug within a few hours of the crime he dann near loses his pants."

Maybe Lee Crosby was drunk—but the way they thought. He could not remember anything except that he must punch Bill Lord for murder. Maybe Bill hadn't made the kill himself, but he was responsible. Bill Lord, leading a mob, ordering killing. No wonder his bond selling business had gone ahead so speedily!

Lee Crosby sank into his chair, his hands pressing his frozen head as he dozed. He groaned miserably.

His door opened. "Crosby. You here in-night?" the chief's voice snapped. Then hesitatingly, "Crosby—I'm sorry. But we just got word that some dirty snake has rubbed out your old man, Bill Lord!"

Crosby was hurt—yet strangely, he wasn't. Murdered Bill Lord murdered! Sorrow, it was a relief. There would be no putting a punch on Bill Lord now forced, he'd be getting the one who put Bill...

The sight of Bill's body, lying sprawled face down on the rich carpet of his living room, paraded Crosby first. With tight lips, while other officers conversed with him, he took command.

He wished, as he went over the place, that he'd not gone blind; as he left the spattered curtain in the evening. He conducted himself batively for that. He should, he knew, have walked in or at least looked over the transom.

He called a fingerprint man and ordered him to dust the furniture and objects in the room. An assisted surgeon, was ordering the body of Lord out. He turned to Crosby:

"Don't have to wait for an autopsy to give that certificate. It went through his heart and punched almost through under the shoulder blade." Crosby

## THE FUNDAMENTAL THINGS

"A kiss is still a kiss"—they sing—  
"A sigh is still a sigh"—  
O my! O my!  
A post is still a post  
To my girl  
"A kiss is still a kiss"—they sing—  
A sigh is still a sigh—  
O my! O my!  
A stock is still a stock, a bond  
is still a bond  
To my blonde

KAY GRANT

The chief motioned him to silence over again.

"Vera McLeod, Bill's sweetheart, was to her room," Stevens continued, backing off a bit. "All of a sudden, the door opened a little, a gun was shoved through, and one shot was fired. Bill fell on his face from his chair."

"It started all of us. By the time we came out of it and got into the hall, whoever murdered Bill Lord had got away."

Lee Crosby waited, his hands crumpled in the pockets of his coat. Stevens gestured broadly, and said:

"So we all left. I can't have avoided like that ever since. I went to the Commandant and then, where have been. I've told you all I know, and I can assure you that neither I, the next Major or Kirby find that short. So keep on with it."

"You aren't telling the truth!" Crosby retorted viciously. "What are you afraid of is that I'll uncover this?" He suddenly shut his mouth. It would be best, much the best, if they thought he didn't know about the killing of Flynn and those hoods. Let this shiny politician think he was the born Major, was wonder anyway you looked at it."

The chief looked at Crosby oddly, then sighed his relief.

"I'd do everything in my power under cover, of course—to aid in getting the ones who killed Bill," Stevens said. He went away. The chief looked at Crosby's face, then he, too, went out.

Lena poured her husband a second cup of coffee, and he drank it before he said, "Bill Lord was killed last night." Said it just like that, with no expression in the words.

The woman gasped, then sat back. "It means a lot to you?" Crosby asked, staring her steadily.

"You—Lee, you've been worried?"

His head inclined. "Only a little."

She faced him frankly. "Bill Lord also tried to make love to me," she said, her hand held high. "He never could. And because you would never have believed he was not my friend, because it would have hurt you, I kept it quiet. You believe it now, do you, Lee?"

"I believe Bill Lord was—anytime you say."

She sat wordless while he struggled into his water-sodden coat and shuffled out. For once that devastating smile seemed just a wile. A tired pose at that.

He dragged his feet in the corner of the block—his block of destiny. To the corner below Lord's apartment house. A cheery voice greeted him.

He turned. A scurvy little rascal, his face leered over the round of spikes and pricks that loaded his career front-and-back, made a motion that Crosby should help himself.

"Darn good shape, then, from Norton" better for hangover."

"What?" Crosby asked belligerently. "I get no hangovers."

The dark little man showed white teeth. "No Hangovers," he parroted Borg, you plenty scared last night."

"I was? How do you know?"

The male became more noisy. "You come by here. You walk away too steady. You talk to self Me. I am say 'Hello, Borg.' You look at me, you all clear. But you no see we."

"Sorry," Crosby muttered, walking on. Why try to explain that he hadn't been drunk—just going along in a hell-born, red-handed daze?

He went into the apartment house his footless crossed in a frost. The place was gloomy and subdued this time of the morning. He felt the gray mood, himself as he stood up and came slowly along the hall.

He put a key in the door that had been Bill Lord's and went into the place and looked around again. He lowered his lips thoughtfully and went to stand at a window looking

down on a still, sunless street.

Simeon, Moses, Fünberg and Bill and Ned one of them could have killed Lord. "But one of them must have hired the killer! And when I get the killer, I'll spend it out of him!"

Back in his office, his fingers subduced to the intricacy of his task, his hands at leisure and his desire to see them in the sun, Lee Crosby started things. He called for the pictures of the prints which had been left the night before, and then went to the bureau to check on them himself.

There were prints of Bill Lord, the girl, the other three. An acceleration of dates, and he put those aside. There was another picture there, the whorls, loops and ridges plainly to be seen. That was a picture of fingerprints found on the main door of the apartment.

Crosby, Crosby searched the files but he found no prints to match the ones they had found and then gulping in his throat, he went back to his own office, where he pressed his own finger to an ink pad and then to a clean sheet of paper. It didn't take a magnifying glass to tell the prints matched. The marks found at the inner door were those of Crosby himself. He told himself he might have thought of that.

A blind alley here. A blind alley up which a dirty killer had! Lee Crosby swore audibly and jerked open a drawer of his desk. "Stevens file!" he snarled aloud, banging a box of cigarette papers on the desk. He thrust his east pocket and put the box away.

He was going to get Stevens in a spot where police would do no good. Then he would make Stevens talk. And if Stevens made a stink—Nostalgia did Lee Crosby reached back and drew his gun. The deal of it was nothing to the hand. Whoever killed Bill Lord had killed Flynn's murderer. But the killer of Bill Lord still had to pay!

winged the heavy bullet on his hand. A .30 caliber, he knew. The hit of lead that had snuffed out Bill Lord's life. He pocketed it, gave out orders to his men, and went out heavily.

In the early morning, he walked down deserted streets. He wanted to put his world to rights again, but the pieces would not fit, even by the time he reached headquarters again. The chief was waiting there. He called Crosby in.

Crosby's lackluster eyes drooped at the musty room passing the floor nervously. He looked up at the chief and there was defiance in his voice as he asked, "What's Stevens doing here?"

"I," said Stevens, wheeling, "am the one who sent the call. The call about Bill Lord. Crosby, I was there!"

"You're below a politician, with power to tell the Commandant what to do—" Crosby walked toward the chief.

The chief thrust in "You God's sake listen!" he cried. Crosby stood still.

"We were talking over some heads," Stevens' voice was harsh. "The minister, Major, and Ann Priburg."

"A smooth, sensible talker!" Crosby snarled.

46 CAVALCADE September 1949

The big police receiver clicked softly as Crosby rolled the cylinder under his palm.

"Huh!" The exclamation growled in his throat. And then Lee Crosby's eyes grew very wide, while the breath made soft hissing sounds between his teeth. He shook the cylinder out and poured the shells into his palm. One of the cartridges in that gun had been fired!

He snuffed the candle, and smelled freshly burned powder there.

Sweat poured in a tiny river down one side of his nose. He raised the gun, walked out and went downstairs. The target range was deserted, and he was glad. His hands trembled as he set up a paper of padding and stepped back. He had to rest his pistol to steady it like a shot.

It took him a long, long time to dig the bullet from the padding, and then he stood there, holding it in his hand. Slowly he went upstairs and into the office of the bulletin expert.

There was gleaming in the eyes of

Lee Crosby when the man gave his report. "You've got something, Lee," he said, putting the bullet back into the detective's hand—hands that seemed paralysed or asleep. "Those bullets were fired by the same gun." "Yes," Lee Crosby said softly. "I—I guess I've got something."

He went down the front steps and along the street, heedless that he wore no hat or coat. A trolleybus of misery ran inside his aching head. He tried to think. He had two guns, and one of them he kept at home. Could one of those—the man that had killed Bill Lord—have been used, then substituted?

"Lord!" he croaked wrenchingly, from the innermost depths of his tortured soul. He forced his mind to clarity.

No, that couldn't be. When he'd sat down to coffee that morning he'd not left without his gun. He was positive of that.

A haze seemed to envelop him—a dreadful numbness wherein his mind refused to function. He waddled on

through the rain and cold, still knowing where he went. Yet, subconsciously, he heard again another period, wherein he'd been thatathane way.

What was it the fruit vendor had said? "You look at me all day, but you no see me."

That was right. He couldn't remember seeing the old man. But then he couldn't even remember leaving Lord's flat. What did he remember? He tried going back, re-enacting the scene, hearing again the voice.

"You wouldn't mind grabbing my wife either, eh?" That tore again at his heart and he heard the ringing in his ears. What then?

Crosby pushed on, letting his thoughts wander where they would. Somewhere, he told himself, in the back passages of his mind, there must be the secret, the record of his own actions from that moment until the time he knew not how long after, when he had become aware of himself walking towards headquarters.

And then he saw it all. Not in a

flesh, but as a story unfolding itself, himself the main character—a maniac seeking vengeance, and for Flynn's murder, had for a trust betrayed, an outraged pride.

On and on. His face aged years, his wrinkled walk was the shuffle of the old, and his shoulders were stooped. Lee Crosby did not feel wet or cold. He walked through Hell.

The chief looked up and rocked in a breath. Could that aged, bent and haggard ghost be the Lee Crosby of a few hours ago? Had the man gone mad? Was his mind cracking under the strain of Bill Lord's death, or was it because the years of hating murderers had unceasingly almost to a mania? Lee Crosby pulled a badge from his vest. He took handcuffs and keys and let them spin from shaking fingers to the desk. He slowly drew his gun and dropped it.

"I think all murderers—ought to pay," Lee Crosby croaked.

"I'm here, placing under arrest the killer who murdered Bill Lord!"



# Passes at Glasses

By GIBSON

In the beginning sun-glasses were made and worn for the sole purpose of protection from sun-gaze, ultra violet rays, and remember, "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses," or an animal hide-out from wolves.

They were next adopted by theatrical and movie stars as a disguise against attracting undue attention to themselves in public.

They were next adopted by many others who wished to give the impression that they were theatrical stars or movie stars in disguise, etc., etc.



As they grew in popularity so the designs changed to a more decorative level, thereby saving the daylight out of many ugly-way miles.



Then came the plastic streamlined ultra models. These are equipped with everything but wind-screws, wipers and drivers. Are really marvelous. If you have the eyes and nose to cope with the weight.



All things being equal, it should not be long now before some bright genius decides to combine the lot in one model. That, really, should be a day worth waiting for.

# Passing Sentences

There are two kinds of ladies in the world—some are interested in the fence, others in the stock.

\* \* \*

A filing cabinet is a place where you can lose things systematically.

\* \* \*

No matter how flat your conversation, a woman likes to have it flatter.

\* \* \*

Poster for a road show: 32 Beautiful Girls — 45 Gropous Costumes.

\* \* \*

The man who boasts only of his ancestors confesses he belongs to a family that is better dead than alive.

\* \* \*

A bank is an institution that will always lead you right if you can prove you don't need it.

\* \* \*

To have a hobby is to escape in hard work you would be ashamed to do for a living.

\* \* \*

Opportunity knocks only once, but temptation bangs on the door for years.

\* \* \*

Patience is a minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

\* \* \*

The best cure for a broken heart is to get it broken again.

\* \* \*

Marriage is not a destination, but a journey.

\* \* \*

She had an one of those black notebooks that pick up everything.

\* \* \*

One can close a really unbiased opinion only about things that do not interest one.

\* \* \*

The man who sees both sides of a question is a man who sees absolutely nothing.



'Milissa, Please leave two quarts of milk and one half pint of cream every other day, except the day after the one you have these quarts when I want only two and a half pints of cream and one quart of milk. On the other days just leave one quart of milk.'



Working at Earl's is hard. The girls are called on for numerous acts and 6 dozen costume changes in one evening, long rehearsals. In the reprie room they work fast. The competence with which they take their cue belyes the fact of work.

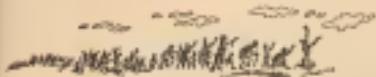


## THE HOUSE THAT **EARL BUILT**

In Hollywood where showgirls are glorified and glorified in the way that only Hollywood knows, Earl Carroll built a house—not of bricks and mortar, but of beauty and talent with foundations of trust. For material he used shiny, odd beautiful girls and with the aid of artists and artisans, under his personal direction, these evolved the Earl Carroll Revue. Judging from this picture Earl knew how to get the best out of his cuties, and though death came to him tragically last year, the tradition he created still goes on in show business.



## MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



A synthetic chemical made to relieve hayfever, hives and other allergies, has surprised its discoverers by being as effective as a penicillin for pneumonia. Named Diamoxine, its seascouring test was carried out last December with 1,236 men on the American Army Transport General Bellon on an Atlantic crossing. Less than two per cent who took the Diamoxine capsules developed the sickness.

\* \* \*

Patients who are paralyzed in the throat can now regain their ability to swallow as the result of an operation for which doctors experimented on monkeys before carrying it out successfully on an ex-serviceman, who, as the result of gas-shock, had been compelled to take his food through a tube leading to the stomach. It is reported that he can now take any kind of food and is engaged at manual work.

\* \* \*

Sulfa drugs and penicillin are saving thousands from complications arising from malaria, and now the donor of mosquito death, malarial fever, and loss of strength, is being lessened by immune serum globulin which comes from blood. Blood saved for the lives of the war wounded is now being used for this purpose.

Doctors are now using electric shock treatments as a prophylactic against the return attacks of mental illness in patients who have recovered. A single electric convolution is induced about once a month in the patient, starting after recovery from the most recent attack.

\* \* \*

A detector something like a phonograph pickup is now being utilized for locating gallstones. The apparatus consists of a surgical probe held in a handle which contains a quartz crystal and a photo-electric element. Sound waves travel through the probe to the crystal and are there turned into small electric currents which are carried by means of a telephone cable to an acoustical-Pneumatics Sales Company whose laboratory has been responsible for the detector will place it on the open market so that it may be available to the greatest number of people needing it.

\* \* \*

A fatty acid found in sweat has been made into a powder, an ointment and pills, in the hope that it will assist relief in patients suffering from tubercular skin disease. Some success has been effected but sufficient time has not elapsed to ensure that patients will not suffer a recurrence of their disease.

To give one of his girls the star role was Earl's tribute to character as well. Well, after all, he was Earl Carroll. He knew show business.

Revealed by MAURICE F. RAYMOND  
As told by PAUL D. GREEN



## SECRETS OF SHINTO MIRACLES

According to this writer, Japan's secret priests—the human books who flew their planes into allied ships—were but offerings at the Shinto altars

WHERE I read recently that General

MacArthur had divorced the Shinto religion from the Japanese government, my thoughts flew back to the fall of 1935 when I played the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo.

My local manager, Edward Ramsey, an Englishman, told me many stories and rumors of the supposedly mysterious powers of Shinto priests. Ramsey was a "square man," married to a Japanese woman, but was happy despite being estranged from British social circles.

From what Ramsey told me of these Shinto miracles, the Oracles of Boiling Water, the Sword and of Fire, I concluded that ordinary stage magic was being used to sell Shinto to the unimaginative Nipponese worshippers.

"Frankly, I've printed how Shinto priests walk on red-hot coals," Ramsey confided, "and poor old Ed

wrote on themselves and climb up a ladder of sharp swords without injury."

"There's an answer to everything," I said ambiguously. "I've yet to see a miracle or supernatural narration that didn't have a perfectly logical explanation. I'd like to see those stories of yours."

"It may be dangerous," he replied, "but I think it can be managed. My wife and her brother are attending the rates at the next meeting, their hair fatted. She can arrange to have you attend, but for God's sake be careful."

That is why, during the rainy season, I went to the Port of Kobe in costume—the only time in my life that I damaged myself offstage. In native robe, old straw sandals, washroom hat and dark glasses, I was taken to a clearing in front of a large triple-tiered temple at the side of Koke

Park. Before Ramsey's Jap lawbreaker-law led me to the ritual grounds, he forced me to make sure I had no weapons or cameras.

A hush, red-painted iron fence protected the temple from the outside. The symbol of Shinto and of Japan—a two-headed sunburst, was embossed in gold on the extreme gates. Several dozen Japs knelt persistently on their mats, their shoes beside them, their hands clasped in fear loops. My companion and I entered the same unconscious position.

It was high noon when Ya-kagon, the Boiling Water Oracle, began. In the centre of a section squared off with bamboo poles and reeds, a huge wooden-lidded cauldron was set on a tripod above an open fire. A shaggy priest, his shirayu beard hanging from his jaws like dirty hemp, supervised the proceedings. His deathlike white robe was punctuated by a blood-red sash, and he muttered strange incantations to the nature gods which Shinto exorcised.

The priest held a gourd, a vessel with paper stop attached, and reached into the pot to dispense the evil spirits in the water. He picked up two bamboo sticks with broad ends, lifted off the pot-cover when steam began emitting from it, and swayed the bamboo into the churning water. The contents overflowed and soon blazed from the fire beneath, half charring the priest. He lashed the water in a frenzy, flinging sprays of it overhead with the bamboo sticks and drenched himself with what must certainly have been scalding water.

When the smoke cleared, the priest emerged, traces of vapor rising from his soaked garment, giving him the appearance of a spectre in a Landini. The triumphant glaze in his eyes bespeaks his conviction at having vanquished the evil spirits in the outraged element that could not burn him, the practitioner of Karabuna, or red art. Kasukaze, the salutary urge

in Jap worship is a blood-sacrifice of this god-like character.

"That's not even a good trick," I snorted to my friend. "The semi-Hindo fakirs in Calcutta plunge themselves into vats of boiling liquid."

"Shh," warned Ramsey. "This is the Order of Five-Hundred," my friend said, sotto voce.

"They will have to go some to match the fire walks I've seen done by Hindu fakirs. The Hindus train their minds until they actually are immune to pain."

It was getting towards dark. Attendants laid out a bed of straw about fifteen to eighteen feet long and five or six feet deep, heaped coals on it and set it afire. They added chunks of soft pine to increase the flames. Soon it was completely dark, and the glow of the fire produced a weird effect which increased as the flames suddenly subsided into a blinding of angry orange. A band of tempestuous flames blew pell-mell across the floor, inciting the spectators to the nature gods which Shinto exorcised.

"Here they come," said my friend. A band of older Shinto priests emerged from the temple gates and fled towards the fiery abattoir. The high priest roared for silence. He stooped down and rubbed his feet with a valise near the fire-bed. His face was etched with intense shadow and radiance of light from the flames. His gaze had gleams of white paper trailing from it with Japanese characters printed on them.

"They are the devil-chasers," my companion explained, though exorcism seemed scarcely necessary.

Brother himself, the shirayu older sister advanced his right foot towards the coals, passing a second before marching quickly through the entire length of the fire-bed. He floated his naked about him as he walked to dispel the evil spirits.

Other priests copied his example, after first rubbing their feet in the

subspecies near the edge of the fire. The plaintive wail of the wind matriarch grew more strident.

I took advantage of the excitement to stomp down and scoop up a handful of the substance which they spread on their fort. As I strengthened up I noticed a pair of shabby, broad legs in front of me and I glanced up into the enormous-looking face of the huge peacock! Had he seen my stealthy actions?

I bowed graciously, rattling eloquently, and holding my head to my chest as if in obeisance. He scowled then bowed his teeth in a grim and shuffled away. I breathed a sigh of relief. Shortly, Mrs. Ramsey approached me, looking worried.

"We're now, Miss Raymond please," she whispered, and led me quickly out of the pack as we passed through the gates. I noticed a white-clad figure separate itself from a bundle around the dying fire and head towards us. We hurried along but were surrounded, and finally we reached the business section of Koha. We reported to Ramsey's hotel where his Japanese wife sat quietly in the corner of the sitting room as we talked.

"What did you think of the natives?" Ramsey asked. "Did you see through them all?"

"They're very impressive beasts all right," I replied, "but they're treacherous and nothing else."

"Really?" he commented, skeptically. "How do you account for the boiling water not blanching the greens?"

"He was as rude as you see in a movie show. In the first place, he undoubtedly had prepared himself for this by hardening his skin through a series of immersions in water of unnecessarily hot temperature. The water was in a large, deep, clay pot as you noticed. He simply made use of physics. When cold water is heated, particularly in a non-metals vat, the

bubbling is due to the hot water on the bottom, forming its way up through the cool water in the top. To make it easier, he used spring water, the coldest natural water available.

"The pot heats slowly, on the bottom and set on the sides like today's aluminum pots, so that the top water was not heated at all, although you saw bubbles. Then all at once was steeped up quantities of the cool top water with the small amount of heated water represented by the bubbles. When it struck the coal right at, it lost what little heat was left and by the time it landed on him, it was quite harmless. The steam it emitted by heating on the fire only made it look more dangerous than it really was."

"It sounds logical," said Stenay, "but I'd have to try it. What about the fire-walking?"

"An old trick, too. Look at this stuff I found near the fire, which they rubbed on their feet."

"It looks like coarse salt," Ramsey said.

"Exactly, but it's more than that. Here, dig your tongue in it."

Ramsey tasted it, and made a very grimace pinching his lips.

"Ahhh!" he exclaimed. "What's the connection?"

"The mixture of alum and salt on the soles of their feet helped lessen the friction of the heat. Japs have pretty tough soles anyway from walking in their snow sandals, and they widen their feet until they're like crocodile tails by long walks on stones and gravel. In any case, they weren't even satisfied with these protections. When I got up from the salt-and-alum pole I noticed what the priest was trying to hide from me. Through the middle of the fire-bed was a narrow carpet of dead coals the feet once buried and extinguished. From the front they were invisible. The spectators saw only the front row of bony seats. The priests who walked through

kept within that narrow carpet of woven reeds, and I'll bet it was no worse than traversing a woven blanket on cobblestones."

"That sounds reasonable," Ramsey agreed.

At that moment, there was a heavy knock on the door. A fierce-looking Jap police officer stalked in. Mrs. Ramsey called behind her,

"He handed me an envelope, writing mostly and broken low. I knew it was my Walking paper.

"You know Japan at once," he said. "So oily."

I haven't been back to Japan since, but my friend Ramsey kept in touch

with me. He left his wife and went into business in Hongkong. When England declared war on Germany, he joined the Army in Hongkong. He was still a member of that kickin' paratroop when the Japs swarmed in.

Many times during recent years, I recalled that episode in Koha. The spirit of the gods displayed there, however, was the forerunner of kamikaze which sent Zero pilots hurtling into our battleships and carriers.

There's little doubt in my mind that if Shikoku had been dissolved years ago and the Japs allowed freedom of worship, the Pacific struggle, if it had occurred at all, would have been much bloodier and less mercifully.



ISSON XII IV UYONI BII

When they lost their children in a mysterious accident Breton farmers were grief-stricken.



## THE REAL-LIFE



SYDNEY GEORGE ERBERT

WITHOUT doubt the most popular classic of children's literature produced in English or French language is Frenchman Charles Perrault's "Contes de Mère l'Oye," "Tales of Mother Goose" to you. By no means the least fascinating of the series is Bluebeard. You and I may regard the murderous adventures of the horrid killer of curious wives as just so much bawdy, but the Breton people of France knew that there was a terribly real Bluebeard who, centuries ago, tormented their forefathers for eight nerve-shattering years.

Cull him, if you like, a victim of heredity, for his maternal grandfather was the notorious Jean de Caron, a vicious and bloodthirsty character into whose charge the boy fell when he was only eleven years of age. His great grandfather was the crusty Jean Le

Pale. Remember, however, that he came too from the house that produced Bertrand de Guesclin, one of France's greatest heroes.

Perhaps his downfall could be attributed to environment for, from his earliest youth his compatriots were libertines and seducers whose unnatural excesses were practiced under license of social status. However, he be judged, it cannot be denied that Gilles de Laval became a man beyond redemption: a man whose infamy was so enormous that even the unimpassioned way of his dying fell short of true justice. Living as an aristocrat in an age when rape and murder were the accepted prerogatives of the aristocracy, he was avowedly spawned and dappled by his peers and hated and feared by his inferiors.

He was born into nobility in Fougères

during the first half of the fifteenth century. He was born to riches and became the lord of a number of estates. Gilles de Laval distinguished himself as a soldier early in his career. He also distinguished himself as a spendthrift and an indulgent in shameful practices which soon produced a hollow ruine in the family coffers. The noblemen and ladies of France became dubious, rubber, magpies, ravenous and murderer. His character and conduct changed. He became obsessed with a desire to discover the *Rade de Life* and the fabulous *Philosopher's Stone* which was said to change base metals to gold. Undoubtedly a handy item for him at this time.

A large portion of Western France suddenly became unpleasantly excited by an undeterred fire. There was a vagueness and uncertainty in the attitude of the superstitious persons about strange happenings which set them to staying indoors after dark and lowering their voices when discussing what was frightening them and covering their skins with the goose-pimple bogies of nervous terrors. Tales were told of children, small and large, who had vanished into thin air. The knowledgeable ones spoke in whispers of the Evil One and magic and the supernatural. Parents worked and lived in fear and walked in terror of the enchantments which might spark away the young of their families. Boys and girls from six to sixteen would wander from home and disappear leaving no trace or evidence of the fate which might have befallen them. The terror was omnipotent, invincible and inevitable.

Gilles Laval in his search for the formula for conversion to gold of the non precious metals brought into his retreat a certain reputedly capable alchemist named Peccit. Italias Peccit may or may not have had faith in his own ability to evolve the elusive gold-producing formula. That is a debatable point. What is certain is

the fact of Saint Joan of Arc, and after her death at the stake the newly installed Marshall of France relapsed once more into his life of extravagant indulgence. He gathered about himself an enormous retinue and sank himself into an environment of remarkable luxury and dissipation which soon produced a hollow ruine in the family coffers. The noblemen and ladies of France became dubious, rubber, magpies, ravenous and murderer. His character and conduct changed. He became obsessed with a desire to discover the *Rade de Life* and the fabulous *Philosopher's Stone* which was said to change base metals to gold. Undoubtedly a handy item for him at this time.

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that Prelat was a capable and successful practical psychologist. His initial demonstration of boiling liquids in秘书 crucibles and salts and incanting name phantasms was soon a faithful sponsor. The alchemist is said to have used phosphorus and iodine to produce the coloured effects which really influenced his patron. The failure of early experiments was blamed by the alchemist to be due to some missing elements necessary for accomplishment.

He declared that the operation could hope for success only if hearts, hands, eyes and the blood of young children were added to the mixture. At a pinch the hearts, hands and eyes might be overlooked, but the blood was absolutely necessary for the drawing of magic circles and figures. Laval, desperately in need of the precious formula, put some of the most trusted members of his following in the task of secretly kidnapping the unfortunate youngsters who were to be victims for the objective. The history of fifteenth century France unfortunately records their success. Wandering children were seized to one or another of the baron's various mansions, or were snatched by his horsemen when out of sight of parents or public.

The enforcement technique was handled with ranked success by an old Madame Le Maffras, who travelled through a series of villages using hollowed toys as lures for unsuspecting juvenile victims. The diabolical Madame appears to have been diabolically endowed with a motherly attitude which begot confidence in the doctored children. Boys looking after sheep in outlying areas were easy prey for Laval's horsemen. The shepherd boy would be grabbed and thrown across a saddle and his ones, even if heard, wouldn't attract assistance or witness to the scene of abductions before the horseman was well on his way. Some lone young people were arrested in streets and fields outside villages and offered immediate jobs in Laval's

employment, an honour to any comrade. Their acceptance was their death warrant.

Eight years of fear of the occult, eight years of quarreling in endless dread and hiding from the unknown had elapsed before a few of the more sane inhabitants of the accursed area began to notice that all the drastic happenings were confined to a large area of which Nantes was the approximate centre. Automatically the thoughtful few turned to their senior churchman for advice. The Bishop of Nantes had already been applying logic to the whole cruel business. The local master and employees were identified as potentially connected with such horrors. Eventually he produced a "Declaration of Intent" against Gallez. "Upon public rumour and numerous reports" it stated that it was shown that he had "strangled, killed and unmercifully massacred a very large number of infants; that he has persecuted upon them crimes against nature; that he has made or caused to be made, numerous horrible instruments of torture; he has pride in these works and sufferings and has passed a compact with them, without counting other crimes, numerous and enormous."

Baron Gallez Laval and a number of his henchmen were tried exclusively and cleverly.

Naturally he was found guilty of all charges stated. Historians agree that he was responsible for the slaying of at least two hundred children. Some declare the figure at eight hundred to a thousand.

The long suffering citizens of Brittany displayed the illogic of superstition by commemorating his suffering in death and perpetuating his name and memory with the erection of an altar upon the site of the execution. A niche in the altar is said to have been left for installation of a statue of the nobleman-monster. Is it still vacant?



"Glad to see you with us again, Mr. Willoughby. So sorry to hear about the tennis arm."

# NARROW FRONTAGE



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 54)

PREPARED BY W. WILSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

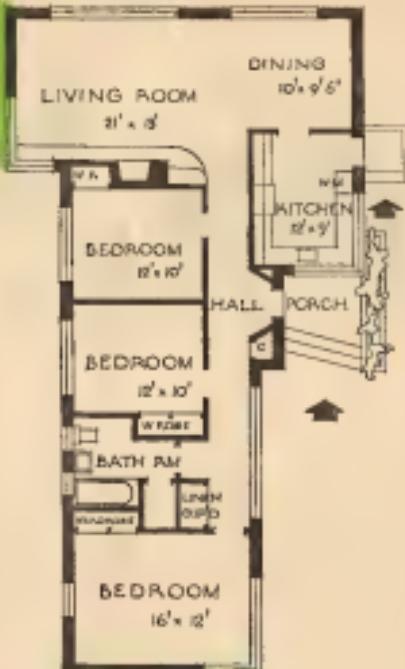
The long narrow building block calls for a different approach than does the more orthodox suburban block. It is usually desirable to present a narrow front to the street, to allow the maximum of garden on each side, and thus create an illusion of greater width to the land.

CAVALCADE offers a suggestion for a three-bedroom home which can be accommodated on a block of land with a frontage of 40 feet,

The entrance porch is located near the centre of the building to reduce the walking distance to the various rooms. The three bedrooms, with the bathroom placed between them, are screened as a separate block.

The second block consists of a living room with a dining room opening from it, and the kitchen. The living and dining rooms each feature large windows which command a view over the rear garden.

The area of this three-bedroom house is 1,330 square feet.



# The world's best CON MEN



Over a good deal done a beautiful friendship is formed and a confidence created. Then comes awakening.

ANTHONY STRONG

A WHILE back, the boys at the Police Department gathered around an encyclopedic International Confidence Men—a publication issued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, New York, and therefore worthy of deep study. Agog with the thought of adding to their lore, they turned over page after page of photographs, and their eyes lost the eager glint.

"It was just like looking at a family album," mumbled one detective. "Or a book you've read a dozen times before. Most of the men were as familiar to us as our own." And then a little proudly he added: "And a tiny 30 per cent of the subjects were Australians."

The story confirms a theory that

has made Australian con men as famous abroad as Dan Broderick or the Sydney Harbor Bridge—that should a passing and stagy man enter a police station in Paris, London or New York to tell of a Friendly Stranger, one of the first questions asked is, "Did the fellow have an Australian accent?"

Quite often, the fellow did. What makes our con men the world's best? No one has ever given a truly satisfactory reason, but one school of thought attributes the honor to the fact that we are a small country. A man, gathering that he possesses the gift, finds so few people on whom to exploit his silver tongue that he is impelled to practice his calling overseas.

"At the moment," says an authority,

"there are no more than four top con men in Australia. The place is too small to support and more. And, remember, I mean big men, the men who deal in men and hundreds of thousands of pounds. But overseas reports continue to tell us that the many exiles are still doing good business. They don't often return to Australia, because they know we've waiting for them."

"However, at the outbreak of war they came back in droves. Detectives, working at the wharves, had field days. One man was arrested on a charge dating back to 1917. At the end of the war most of them went back to Europe. Those who stayed got mixed up in blackmarkets—which is a bit out of their line—and other made fortunes or made gall."

There exists between police and con men a relationship more than a little original between bodies of opposite forces. The smart conman dresses well, speaks well, frequents the best hotels, is a competent (and usually honest) card player, can at parties tell a joke that doesn't suggest well-bred traits and in all is an excellent companion. He considers beneath his notice the crooksmen, the party parasites and other crooks whose professions lacks finesse, and he regards the police as antagonists against whom he pits his brains with belligerency in keeping with his half-dishonest-well-meaning personality.

The detectives accept the honor with equal goodwill. In released moments, con men are apt to speak freely of their past to the law, and the law is given to making remarks which until is that the day will come when the con men are inside looking out. When a detective becomes curious about a con man's whereabouts, he does not, as is usual, object his search in sham areas; instead, he makes a round of the upper-bustiest hotels.

And sometimes, he finds his man in deep conversation with a mug or

"gay." Should the con man leave the mug's side for a moment, the detective will probably approach the mug and a few succinct words point out the undesirability of the mug's staying with the con man. As often as not, the detective will be told to mind his own business and that Mr. Brown is a personal friend and must not in the mug's presence be spoken of in such manner.

"And even when we take the shamus out to our picture gallery, he often refuses to believe that the man against whom he was warned was contact man in the bunch," says a detective. "You see, it is rarely the man who first approaches the guy who makes the touch. His job is to win the other fellow's confidence, so that any information he makes will be accepted in good faith."

It is remarkable, in view of the publicity given to confidence tricks that all tricks are worked on well-defined lines. Easily the most popular means of winning confidence is the "wallet gag."

In that, the contact or lead-up man, having created friendly relations with the mug, perhaps suggests a drink. During the subsequent conversation, he will pencil the mug to observe his bag full of notes—which, incidentally, may be largely composed of brown paper around which is wrapped a couple of \$100 notes to give greater reality, the brown paper may be tipped with the edges of bank notes.

The contact man is in no hurry. A week may laps, in fact, before the drama moves into the second scene when, while walking in the street, the con man points out a wallet lying on the footpath. A glass at the contests shows a business card and indicates that the loser of the wallet lives at a big city hotel. There is also a sheaf for perhaps \$2,000.

What asks the mug, are we to do with the wallet? Naturally, it must be

## HAPPY RETURN

She went out to drive in a pocket of lopin.  
Met a waiting fireman, and caught the blithe master!  
She returned from the party  
clad in flames so fine,  
After breakfast of course—  
she don't open till nine!

KAY GRANT

tion of the victim report the trick to the police.

Vanity and fear of publicity are the chief deterrents. And often when a report is made, the victim is approached by a third man and persuaded, maybe by an offer to return some of the money involved, not to identify the two men in the police lineup.

The con man, as we have said, works leisurely. Some time back, a man was ushered into the office of a city business executive. He bore with him a verbal introduction from a third man resident in New Zealand and a friend of the executive. There is no doubt that the con man had studied thoroughly the backgrounds of both the Australian and the New Zealander, for he was able to convince the executive of his authenticity to the extent that he was asked to the man's home.

He was a situated on a train, be said, and would be back in Australia in a month's time. Would Mr. Executive have dinner with him then? Mr. Executive would.

It was during that engagement that the stranger shaved the other demands he had brought along for a refugee who wished to avoid customs duties.

"They're worth at least \$100 apiece, but the refugee was prepared to let them go at \$25," said the con man, riling three stones around the palm of his hand. "I've only got three with me, but there's another nine where they come from."

Mr. Executive, greedy to make a quick profit, showed interest. Was the offer proposed to have the stones valued by a jeweller? By all means. Now. And as the stones were taken to a reputable jeweller who valued them, say, at \$100 each, the deal was made for the twelve, size of which were zircon.

The "rooms for diamonds" gag had been pulled again. Unless he

wishes to recall the stones, the most that can be done is to let him be victimized, for only an expert can tell the difference between zircon and diamonds. But should he take them to a jeweller for revaluation, he will quickly be disillusioned about his friend the steward.

You will always, if you are sufficiently law-abiding, find detectives on the wharves when ocean-going ships leave an Australian port. The reason is simple: con men raised ship passengers as gifts sent from heaven for their exclusive exploitation.

The well-dressed man who joins you on deck an hour or two before sailing time and holds you in conversation is a man to be feared—especially if he glances at his watch and suggests a quick drink before the ship sets. He knows a pub close to the wheel.

Down the drink, he continues that he has to buy a present for Aunt Mary of Wimbleton. There is still time to make it. Will you accompany him up town?

You go to a city building where the man knows a wholesaler; but wait, the present will cost \$500 for Aunt Mary has expensive tastes, and the man, skimming through his cell, has only \$25. His request is loan till you get back to the ship.

It is difficult to refuse. Remember this man is to be your companion for weeks. He knows that, as a traveller, you must have a good deal of money on your person, so you can't manage the usual excuse that you left your wallet at home. And, besides, he's offering you his gold watch worth \$250 as security. You don't want to take it? You must—after all, he says, you don't know him as well as that.

The truth is, you don't know him at all, and you have no chance of improving your acquaintance. Release the man, with your money making a hole in his pocket, leaves you across the building, and makes a quick

exit by the rear door.

Wait, you have only a few minutes to catch your ship. If you go in the police, you'll miss it. You'll have to identify the con man when he's caught up with. Do you make the best of it and keep quiet. All you've got from your friendship is expense and a watch worth maybe \$1.

For men like these, the police have a quiet respect which, however, does not prevent them from getting on their tails and staying there until the con man makes the inevitable mistake.

And the police even have a growing respect for characters like Creepin' Tom, who worked Central Railway Station at Sydney. Creepin' Tom could make friends in a minute, accompany them in a taxi downtown, pull up the ton on the score that he wanted to make a call, borrow a humble \$2 on some pretense, disappear through the door of a building—and just disappear. As quickly as that.

And Creepin' Tom has no income tax worries.



## Party Games



Let's urge up all our hotels,  
Let's think up lots of bad names,  
For the men who at our parties  
Promote the party games.  
For him the gibbet is far too good.  
And the axe is not good enough  
Who, firmly removing a glass from my hand  
Inches Blind Man's Buff.  
On him heap all of your curses  
There's nothing too horrifying  
For the man whose only mission in life  
Is to make my own embarrassing.  
My preference, now, is to fit my hand  
With a nobly-flaring stem,  
And sing with the aid of chosen friends  
The opus, "Sweet Adeline".  
I'd rather even drink cold tea,  
And sing the songs of Sonkey  
Than cover like some bontighted elf  
At playing Drop the Henkies.  
I'd rather hear a bad cigarette  
Or embryonic bands.  
Then join the throng who prance about  
Pathetically playing Chardes.  
Your pardon I'll croak when fun's at its height  
And I'll pungingly look at the clock  
When the rest of the crowd, though unwilling  
Is forced to play Postman's Knock.  
For better, I think, than the trivis  
With its dismal oscillation  
Is to find a quiet spot in a corner  
With a gift of my own designation.



BILL DELANY



# BROTHERS IN DEATH

A FLASH CAIN "STORY - DRAWN BY PHIL BELBIN FROM SCRIPT BY RAY HEATH

WEBSTER HILTON  
TAKES A LAST LOOK  
AROUND THE PLACE  
IN WHICH HE IS  
GOING TO COMMIT  
SUICIDE .... BY ARSON!



HILTON SATISFIES  
HIMSELF THAT THE  
ONE ARMCHAIR IN  
HIS LIVING ROOM  
WOULD BE A COOL  
PLACE TO ROTATE  
SLOWLY TO DEATH ...



AS THE FIRE TONGUES  
SWEETHEAT THROUGH THE  
PREMISES, WEBSTER  
HILSTON BOWS OUT  
GAUDIALLY FROM A  
WORLD OF WHICH HE  
IS SICK. HIS LAST  
CONTROLLING THOUGHT  
--- HE WAS HEAVILY  
INSURED ~~~~~~



THE FIRE WAS TOO  
QUICK FOR THE  
BRASS-HATS, BUT IT  
WAS NOT QUICK  
ENOUGH TO DEFY  
THE STEADY WORK  
OF THE ARSON SQUAD



FLASH CAIN APPEARS,  
TELLS TODDSTON OF  
THE ARSON SQUAD  
THAT HE HAS BEEN  
ASKED BY THE  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
TO LOOK AFTER  
THE CASE



DID HILSTON CARRY  
MUCH INSURANCE?  
TEN THOUSAND  
POUNDS.



WHO GETS IT?

HIS BROTHER,  
ANGUS BRENT...



TODDSTON PROMISES  
TO SEND FLASH CAIN  
A REPORT OF THE  
INVESTIGATION. CAIN,  
MEANWHILE, WILL  
LOOK UP THE BROTHER,  
ANGUS BRENT...



ANGUS BRENT LIVES  
IN A RESPECTABLE  
SUBURBAN STREET.  
CAIN WONDERS WHY  
HIS NAME IS NOT  
LIKE HIS BROTHER'S.  
HILSTON



BRENT IS NOT AT  
HOME, AND CAIN HAS  
A LONG WAIT.....



MR BRENT'S AWAY



FLASH CAIN, DISCOVERING  
THAT THE BRENT FAMILY  
IS AWAY, WONDERS  
THAT THEY DON'T  
COME HOME FOR  
THE TRAGEDY -- OR  
THE INSURANCE...



FROM HIS OFFICE  
CAIN TRIES TO  
LOCATE BRENT'S OFFICE



-- BUT HE DRAWS  
MANY BLANKS --





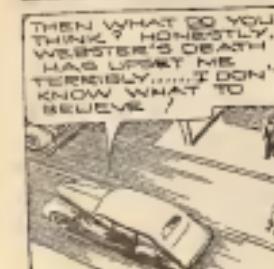
TODSON TELLS CAIN  
THAT THE FIRE  
WAS ARSON, AND  
THAT THERE ARE  
SUSPICIOUS  
CIRCUMSTANCES . . .



SORRY, CAN --- I CAN'T  
COMMIT MYSELF  
UNTIL I GET FINAL  
REPORTS, BUT IT COULD  
MAKE A DIFFERENCE  
TO THE PAYMENT OF  
THE INSURANCE . . .



NOLA DIAMOND SAYS  
SHE WAS A FRIEND  
OF WEBSTER HUSTON'S  
AND IS UPSET BY  
HIS DEATH . . . . .



BUT IT COULDN'T BE  
MURDER / NOT IF  
WEBSTER WAS  
KILLED AND THE  
FLAT BURNED TO  
DESTROY EVIDENCE?



OH.....IT'S NOT HIM  
AFTER ALL.....HE  
WALKED WITH A BAD  
LIMP.....WAWWOOO.



NOLA DIAMOND  
SPRINGS A REAL  
SURPRISE /  
THERE'S WEBSTER  
HILTON /



I'M SORRY I COULDN'T  
SET YOUR MIND AT  
REST, MISS DIAMOND.  
BY THE WAY --- DID  
YOU KNOW WEBSTER'S  
BROTHER, BRENT?



NO, I DON'T. HE  
WAS A FOSTER BROTHER

CAIN RINGS TODDSON...

ASK YOUR BLOKE  
WHETHER THE  
CHARRED SKELETON  
HE FOUND USED TO  
WALK WITH A LIMP



ONE MORE EFFORT TO  
REACH BRENT WITH  
THE GOOD NEWS THAT  
HE IS TO COLLECT A  
LOT OF INSURANCE...



CAIN TELLS BRENT  
THAT HIS HALF-BROTHER  
IS DEAD AND THAT  
THE INSURANCE  
COMPANY IS WAIT-  
ING TO HONOUR  
THE CLAIM - - - - -



POOR WEBSTER /  
GO AHEAD MR BRENT  
--- THIS WON'T TAKE LONG

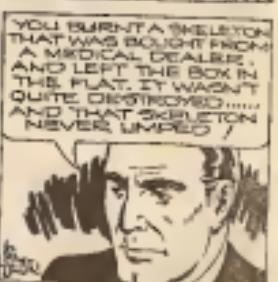


YES ?  
I'VE GOT  
NEWS FOR  
YOU...



WOULD YOU MIND  
HELPING THE POLICE  
TOY UP THE DEATH,  
MR BRENT ? JUST  
SAY WHAT YOU KNEW  
ABOUT YOUR BROTHER,  
FOR THEIR RECORDS.





## Wattle Wisdom

As useful as it is beautiful, Wattle is so called because of its use by Early Settlers

Along with the Koala, the Kangaroo and the Gum, Golden Wattle—perhaps the greatest glory of the Australian Bush—have become synonymous with everything Australian.

The Australian wandering as some foreign strand a often pugnantly reminded of his homeland when he sees these colonial assess growing in gardens in Europe and America. Besides making their golden grandeur in a garden, he is often surprised to hear them called 'mimosas'. However, that is indeed the correct name for 'wattle', by which the Australian species has been generally known at least from the days when the early settlers used the long plant twigs of the plant in the construction of wattle and daub huts owing to the lack of other building materials.

Besides providing so convenient a fuel colonists, wattles have other valuable properties. They add soil fertilization as they accumulate nitrogen by the activities of bacteria in tubercles formed at their roots. They also yield honey at a time when other



flowers are scarce, several species are stripped for their bark, which is dried for tanner, and they provide timber, and gum in small quantities.

It is fitting that a plant at the same time so beautiful and so useful should have had a day set aside in its honour and August 1st, 1919, was fixed as the first "Wattle Day". It is a pity that this charming custom of honouring the wattle on August 1st or September 1st (according to the forwardness of the flowering) is not more generally observed.

Even before 'Wattle Day' was thought of, Life Assurance had won an accepted place in Australia. It is just 100 years since the oldest Life Office was opened here and today 1,000,000 Australians have secured their own and their families' future by taking out Life Assurance policies. The reason for the nation-wide popularity of our free and democratic Life Assurance is not hard to understand. It enables the average man to save for any special purpose over a period of years and enables him to choose the policy most suited to his needs.



He had not always been an honest rider, but Jean believed in him. That was his pay-off.

## THE DUCHESS WAS A LADY

BILL DELANY

"IT'S a lot of money," said Trevor, and added a dozen more paragraphs with his eyes. Trevor was like that his words sounded like a suggestion, but you knew they were a threat.

"It's a lot of money," I agreed.  
"Then you'll do it?"

It took more courage than I'd thought I had, but I said "no."

"You've worked for me before." He spoke firmly, and his lips were in a straight line. He was right. I had worked for him before, and it had been a profitable business. I was in the

racing game to make money, and I had realized early in the piece that you don't have to ride winners all the time to do it. Trevor went on: "You've got it easy, Pat. I wouldn't like to make it hard for you."

I didn't need a crystal ball to understand what he meant. There were other jockeys who would take at the easy way, and they needed money more than I did. For less than a hundred, I knew, at least one of them would try to stop me winning, even if it meant sending me over the rails; a riding boot placed under that of another rider and jerked upwards had caused many a fall before today.

I said: "That time, Mr. Trevor, I can't help you. I've got to ride to win."

"And you think China Duchess will win?"

"She can't lose, unless—"

Trevor's eyes said a bookful of words, but his lips said

"Unless. That's right. I stand to lose thirty thousand—unless . . ."

Unless I pull her for you, I thought. Unless a few of the boys gear up on me in racing. Unless something happens to me before the race. I felt my spine tingle, and I nearly surrendered. After all, I had at the most a year's riding ahead of me. I had saved a good deal of the money I'd earned, one way or another, but another thousand wouldn't go unspent. Besides, what good would money be to me if I were crippled?

"No. I won't pull her for you. I—I can't."

That was wrong. I could stop the filly from winning, and the rewards wouldn't be able to get a thing on me. It wouldn't be the three hours I'd stopped—and I was still in the game. I'd been suspended once or twice for "malicious riding," and more than once, I'd had to stand up to a fair amount of hoofing from the crowd. But I was still in the game.

But I was right, too, in saying I

couldn't stop her. I had been a jockey for a long time, and I'd thought that any sentimental thoughts I'd had about the business had gone in the first two years. And then China Duchess had come along . . .

Trevor was saying: "Thank it over, Pat. If I were you, I'd think it over—but that would be the clever thing to do."

I said I'd think about it, and went over to my car. He followed me.

"I've got to know soon, Pat."

I nodded and drove away. When I got home, I went to bed. There was nothing unusual about that: I'd been up and about since four o'clock, and at \$30, I'd taken the Duchess over four furlongs—and shed down over three like a bird. But that time, I didn't go to bed to sleep. I wanted to avoid Jean, my wife. We'd been married for 20 years—and she still thought I was an honest jockey. She was stoutish and graying gray and she wouldn't see \$6 again and I wouldn't change her for a film star. We got along fine.

But Jean couldn't tell when I was troubled, and the only name I'd kept from her was that I wasn't altogether an honest jockey. And that time I was troubled, and I wanted time to think.

I knew, now, that whatever happened, I wasn't going to stop the Duchess. I wasn't going to break the heart of a filly who was all courage—and I knew too, that if I didn't let her do her best, she would never race again.

As I lay on the bed, I was remembering how the Duchess and I had got separated. I was seeing a rubberized bit of a bone standing, bewildered, beside a mare who would never get up again: stout Jean sitting for eight hours with the foal's head on her lap, the time a jockey holding his tried to swing the foal; the Duchess still bare the scars on her shoulder, and there were a symbol of her courage.

The Duchess was a filly born to be

**Bitter because a world-famous horsebreaker live two of the best-known barons of Park, Jim Lapela and Louis Lehman:**

You begin by scrubbing floors. Then you learn the whole business of housekeeping. Next, you learn seven languages and travel around the world so that you can mix his local drink for a man from any country. You must have the training of a diplomat, the honesty of a policeman, and restraint enough not to join in a conversation uninvited.

lived—and Jean and I lived her. She was golden, and a bit small, but her heart was the biggest part of her. She was still a baby, and a baby could ride her. Jim had tried to spoil her, and had failed. You couldn't spud a horse like the Duchess.

When we left her on the farm with Jim Ross, who lived her, I promised that I'd come back and break her up. And I did. I spent a week breaking her the way a horse should be broken, and that is gently. I taught her to accept the weight of a saddle, to know the feel of the halter and of the bit and of the reins. I was the first man to ride her; and, above all, I taught her to trust me.

She proved that she trusted me the first time I rode her in a race. She was fast and wanted to lead all the way, but when I restrained her, she obeyed. We were fifth into the straight and I gave her her head. I knew she was used but as I felt her claws turned beneath me I realized that I was riding a champion.

She passed them both, and the fourth tried to fight it out with her. She covered the other for 50 yards

and for a moment, I expected her to give in. Then, when I struck the whip at her, I knew that she had been running easily. We had the other fifty beaten at the farling. I was pulling her up at the winning post and when I dismounted, she used to nuzzle me.

That was Chico Duchesne. That was the horse they wanted me to stop. And that was one of the reasons why I couldn't do it. The other reasons were Jim Ross and Jean.

Jean was my brother-in-law, and a man who bred horses because he loved them—and because he believed the racing game was all good. He was like Jim. He believed in people, and people trusted him. He had never been on a racetrack, and had never bet. If he suspected that all jockeys weren't honest, he did not put me among them. That was why he wanted me to breed horses with him when I retired from riding, and that was a nice way. I thought, for a man to spend the rest of his days.

I heard Jean come to the door, and I closed my eyes. A minute or two later, I heard the front door close. She had gone out to shop. I got up and went to the phone.

When Trover answered, I said:

"We guess that nothing seems thought Chico Duchesne will win and I'm not playing."

There was a long pause. I was glad that at least I couldn't see Trover's eyes. Then he said:

"Put, I'm not playing either. I can't afford to let the filly win. It's a big field, and anything can happen."

I put the receiver back on the cradle, and felt better. Now I knew what to expect. I thought for a while and made some more calls. If Trover was going to stop me, it wouldn't necessarily happen during the Duchess's race, so I called the owners of the horses who'd booked me for another race and asked them to find other jockeys. I said I didn't feel well enough to take all the money,

was saving myself for the big race. They grumbled, but agreed to receive me at the results.

Then I rang the exchange and asked them to disconnect my phone temporarily. I didn't want Trover to speak to Jean. I didn't want her worried.

Next day, I moved in to an empty stable alongside the Duchesses. I told Jean I'd feel happier if I did that, and she made no objection. The trainer, who knew how I felt about the filly, was pleased to have me. He had been in the racing game for a long time, and he didn't share Jim Ross's opinion of it.

The papers got hold of the story, and if Trover had any idea of getting at the Duchesses instead of me, he had to drop them.

The filly looked a picture. The stable-boy loved her almost as much as I did, and took a pride in keeping her looking like the champion she was.

Then it was Saturday. I stayed with the Duchesses till the boys walked her to the racetrack, and drove my car alongside her for the 400 yards that separated the stables and the starting gate.

She had many visitors that day, the Duchesses, and she played her part like she was ready to run the rest of her life—unless... If anyone had come closer to her than six feet, I think I'd have murdered him.

Trover came. He looked at the Duchesses, then at me, his eyes were sharp. He waited until we were alone.

"There's still time to change your mind, Put," he said. "The, after all, isn't good."

"I'm sorry I'm riding her to win."

"Who's paying you?"

Who was paying me? For a win, there'd be my percentage and a present. That was all—except that the Duchesses would still trust me and her heart would still be big. Jim Ross would have his first great success as a breeder and owner. And Jean would still think I was an honest jockey.

That was the pay-off—all the pay-off I wanted, now.

I said: "Nobody. It's just that I'm retiring now, and I want to leave the game the right way."

Trover laughed. "After 20 years of playing the wrong way. The only way to play that game, Put, is the money way. You know that. I'll double my offer."

I shook my head.

"TE pay five hundred over what the others are paying you."

I started to speak, at least to a man like Trover, that I was throwing away a couple of thousand because I loved a woman, a man, and a horse! Trover wouldn't understand that I hardly understood it myself.

I was thinking what if the Duchesses should get beaten on her merits. There were more good horses in the field, one of them just ahead of the filly in the betting. I knew she would win, but thousands of people would suspect her defeat as one of the things that happen on a racetrack. As it would, as Trover said, be the only way.

I was thinking these things, but I wasn't believing them. If the Duchesses lost, it would be because she had been stopped, and while I was thinking, I knew that defeat wouldn't be my fault.

"No," I said. "Why don't you cover yourself by booking the filly?"

He laughed again.

"The two-and-a-half thousand I'm offering you is all I've got in the world. It wouldn't be fair to be free if I backed her. No, it's all or nothing."

"It will be *anything*!"

"Maybe. But a couple of thousand can do a lot of good—or bad—with the right people."

I turned away and walked over to the Duchesses. She threw her head up, and I caught it under my arm. Trover looked at us both. His eyes spoke a lot more than his lips. He said:

"A pretty picture for the papers."

I hope the ones that appear of you both are as pretty."

I watched him go, and stood for a while with the Duchess before the corner came to saddle the filly. Then I went to the ponyboy's room. I tried to joke with the boys, but all the time I was wondering which one—or two or three—would be making sure that the filly wouldn't run.

In my mind, I visited the field. Obviously, in a race as such as this, most of them would be trying to win and the danger would probably come from a jockey riding an outsider. Which one? I decided to watch the jockeys who were there on either side of my starting at the start. After

The bell called us, and we went into the saddle paddock. As I walked the Duchess around, I saw Trevor. He was finger-wagging his ear. That, I thought, was the signal to put File II into operation. Someone was watching for that signal; and I wished I could catch who was receiving it—but you don't watch 20 jockeys at the same time.

The Duchess and I went through our paces, and as I felt her power—a great overwhelming confidence came to me. This was the Duchess, the greatest horse I had known, and this was her day.

The horses came quickly into line. I glanced at my neighbors. I knew them all by their Christian names, and I had laughed and had a beer with most of them. I couldn't believe that one of them might get me over the rails—and I remembered that I had played that scene the dirty way myself. I hadn't played a rough-and-tumble game, but I had stopped horses from running as surely as though I had.

It took the starter one minute to get the field away, and it seemed like an hour. I found myself talking wordlessly to the Duchess.

Lady, I was saying. I'm going to ask

more of you than I should of any horse. I'm going to ask more of myself than ever before. This time, lady, we've got to be the one body because I'm going to get a break on the field, and you've got to come with me the moment I kick out. We've got to be that sort, because the thing can happen here. Be with me, lady . . .

And then the tapes were up and the Duchess was with me—a full half length ahead of the rest. She had done what I had asked of her—but the race had just begun. I looked her again and she left them. From the middle of the field, I could have gone to the rails—but I didn't. Because if the Duchess had a fall, it was that she couldn't run strong in front. And I couldn't let her fall back in the field if she were near the rails. That might be the end of us both.

I kept her wide out. I was taking care of her then should have been asked of any horse to cover an immense amount of extra ground, so that she was so far in the open that only a machine would attempt to trap her.

And she would have to be a true champion to be able to be there at the finish.

I pulled her back so that there were other horses ahead of her. That was what she liked to stay in the middle of the field, for company's sake, until I asked her to go. But I was still a dozen yards out from the rails, and alone.

On the rails the horses were bunched, and I breathed a prayer of relief that we weren't amongst them. I guessed that the leader was five lengths ahead of us at the four furlongs past, a distance that was going to take a lot of narrowing up. At the time there had been changes, but we were still trailing. It was patting down now, for I had hoped that at the straight entrance I would have at the least only two or three horses to run with. But they were still



THE BRAND  
WITH A PERSONALITY.

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launched, and I was afraid to get into the stirrups.

We came onto the straight in the middle of the track, and I could feel that mighty heart pumping fast beneath me. There was peace in my own soul I used to estimate the chances. From now on, the run would be straight for all the horses, but the Duchess had taken a lot out of herself by covering the extra ground.

I glanced across, saw there were only two horses ahead of us—two horses that had kept close to the rail the whole distance, two horses that were still full of running.

And I could feel the great pounding of the Duchess's heart, and feel her faithfulness beneath me.

Lady, my mind was saying, I should let you drop out of it, but I know you feel as I do. Don't blame me. I didn't for some of us. I'm going to hit you with the whip.

I hit her, the first time I'd ever done so, and there was a great shock under her. I knew, as I did it. And then, with mighty power generated from that heart, she jumped forward.

I had won it. I didn't need to look at the judge's box to know that. The nose of the crowd told me that the Duchess had made new friends—and the bootleg told me I'd just won. These were signs that she'd won despite me. The Duchess moved quickly with however much she looked over on her side.

She looked at me then, the Duchess, with eyes that were big as plates, and the message I read in them was forth—an understanding that what had happened, though beyond her knowledge, was right. I stopped hearing the hoots of the crowd and heard only the jingling of a great horse.

She tried to run, but fell back. I crouched and pulled her head to my lap. The sweat of her stained my

cheeks. I was talking to her again telling her, without words, why I had had to do it. And I was asking her forgiveness.

Her breathing was not so fierce now, and her pulsing flanks were beginning to subside. I was not knowing how long we'd been there, not even strong. But I had to wait in.

I tapped gently at her shoulder—and this time she made it. She stood trembling as I took off the saddle. There was shivering, but I knew it wasn't for me. There never would be handbags on a racecourse for me anymore.

How could I explain why I had to keep her out wide? And in any case, I didn't want to explain as long as the filly—and Jess and Jim—kept their faith.

I went to wash on.

Fifteen minutes later I got a call from the steward:

"Bowen," said the chief steward, "we are told that Chies Duchess will never race again. Frankly, we are blaming you for it. You kept the filly in the middle of the field throughout and rode, to my the least, an ill-judged race. If you hadn't pulled the whip—or if the filly hadn't won—we'd have met you up. Have you anything to say?"

"No," I said. I couldn't have said any more. I was almost crying.

"Then you can go, Bowen. You're getting on in years. Do you think you should apply for your license next season?"

It was a nice way of telling me that my application wouldn't be granted if the steward had any say in the matter.

I said, "I'm not going to."

I went straight to the Duchess. She was on her feet in the stall. She threw her head up and I caught it under my arm. She knew.

Jess and Jim and the Duchess and I. And the Derby winner a few years from now—the Duchess's first colt.



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Keep your  
engine clean  
with **MobilOil**



# DOUBLE CROSS!

DAVE SANDS

In his undershirt, his shoes off, a wet cigar in his mouth, fat Lennie Adams was reading the evening paper when a knock sounded at the front door.

He lowered the paper, took the cigar from his mouth, and yelled, "Hanz! Someone's at the door!"

Then he raised the paper again and stuck the cigar back in his mouth.

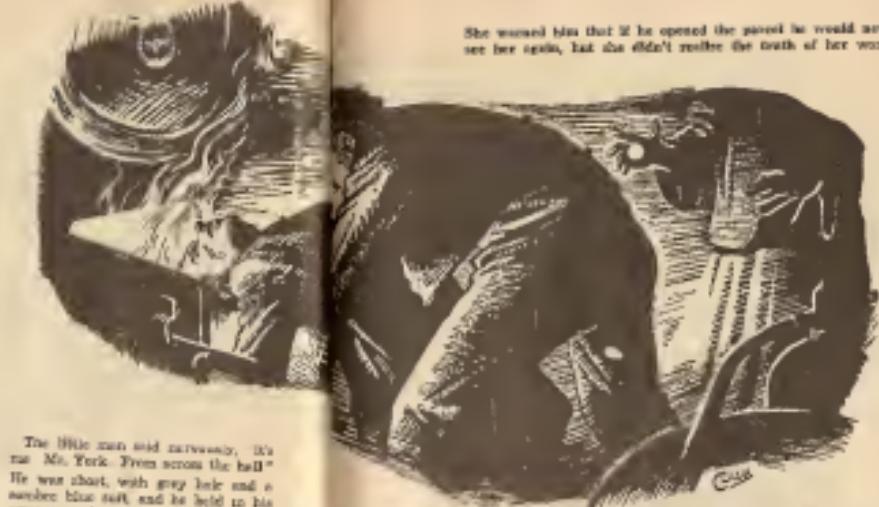
Hazel, his wife, was in the kitchen at the dinner-table. She tossed a loose strand of hair from her fore-head, crossed the kitchen piled high with the day's work, went through the dining room and the living room. She was a thin woman, her shoulders drooped; her face worn, yet she moved wearily, as if the were dead tired.

The knock came again before she reached the chair Lennie occupied.

"For crying' sake, answer the door!" he said.

Woolishly, she opened the door. In the dim light of the hall she failed at first to recognize the man who stood there.

"Mrs. Adams?" the man asked. Reckless, her, Lennie, stiff in his chair, said impatiently, "Well, who is it?"



The little man said wearily, "It's me, Mr. York. From across the hall." He was short, with grey hair and a smoke-blue suit, and he held in his arms a package about the size of a suitcase, wrapped in brown paper. Hazel recognized him then. "It's Mr. York. From across the hall."

"What does he want?"

Mr. York stopped in. "I was wondering . . ." he said. "That is, I'd like you to do me a favor."

"Why, sure," said Hazel. "We're neighbors, aren't we?"

With behind the package in his arms, "It's this. This box, I get to give it to a friend of mine."

Hazel said, "Very?"

"I'll phone him," Mr. York explained, "and he's going to call for it. But now I've got to go out. I was wondering, could I leave it here for him?"

"Why, sure," Hazel said.

She warned him that if he opened the package he would never see her again, but she didn't realize the truth of her words.

He stuck on the body and shoved it through the door, into the hall.

Mr. York said abruptly, "Don't open it." Then he turned and moved rapidly down the front steps of the apartment building.

"He's got a nerve!" Lennie said. "Don't open it!"

Hazel closed the door and moved back toward the kitchen.

"We're neighbors, aren't we?" Lennie remarked. "Huh?"

Flinging, Hazel hastened, then went on.

"How many times has he been up here while I'm at work?" Lennie asked.

Still she did not answer.

Lennie said, "Don't think you're putting anything over on me! I wasn't born yesterday!"

"It's not heavy," said Mr. York. "I'll pick it up in about an hour." Hazel took the package from him. It was surprisingly light. "Glad to, Mr. York. We're neighbors, aren't we?" She put it on the shelf in the guest closet.

"His name's Kornberley," Mr. York went on. "It's very important that the right man get it. He's a tall fellow with a must on his face."

Hazel said, "Don't you worry about it, Mr. York."

"I sure appreciate it." The little man moved back to the doorway. "I sure do. I've given it to her several times but I just learned I've got to go out. I'm mighty thankful."

"Don't mention it," said Hazel.

With a wet finger, Hazel tested the heat of the legs. She lifted it in her right hand, looked speculatively at Lennie, then put it down again.

"Sob!" said Lennie. "I won't have yesterday."

He went back to the paper, spelling out the race results and then the headlines, "See Inspired in His Craft," Government Debates Tax," Roads Get £25,000 from Armed C.C.", Hazel would quietly and patiently.

Perhaps five minutes passed. Then Lennie said suddenly, "What was the name of that guy?"

"What guy?" Hazel asked.

"The one who's going to pick up the package, stupid!"

"Katherine, or something like that."

"A tall man with a scar on his face, wasn't it?"

Hazel carefully spread a large, unsmoked white shirt over the back of a kitchen chair. "I mean an."

"That's the guy?" and Lennie "Stop us shooting that's the guy! Look!" He waved the newspaper contemptuously at the scar, then smoothed it out and read from it. "Wimmins described one of the bandits as a tall man with a scar on his face and the other as being short and grey-haired and dressed in a dark business suit. That's York and that Katherine, sure as shooting!"

"What did they do?" asked Hazel. "They knocked off an armored car for £20,000 quid?" Lennie stopped suddenly. He shoved his pipeless bulk out of the chair and walked to the door.

Hazel said, "There's lots of tall men and short men."

"Twenty-five thousand quid?" said Lennie reverently. "I wonder—"

"You leave that package alone!" Hazel yelled at him, her voice suddenly shrill.

At that instant there was another knock at the door. This time it was a loud peremptory knock.

Not one man, but two, walked into the apartment, burly men in dark coats, serious faces, grim. They stood just inside the door, the bigger one leaning on his brother and coolly looking around.

The cop said, "This here is Detective O'Hearke. My name's McKeane, Hobbs' Squad." He walked into the room and plodded onto the chair Lennie had been occupying. O'Hearke stayed by the door.

Hazel had left her crooning again and entered the living room. "What's the trouble, Officer?" she asked.

McKeane smiled at her. "Don't get worried, lady. It's not you people. We want to find out about one of your neighbours."

Lennie said, "I know it! That—"

"That what?"

"That man serves the half I know he was a crook."

"What else do you know about him?" McKeane asked quietly. "Nothing," said Lennie. "I've seen him around, that's all."

"What makes you think he's a crook?"

Lennie chose his words carefully. "I just didn't like his looks. His eyes were shifty. You can tell!"

"Is that so?" asked McKeane. "Is that so?"

Lennie flushed.

"This fellow we're interested in is a tall man, grey hair, worn dark suit. Gave by the name of York. That's the one."

"That's him," said Lennie.

"Tonight," said Hazel, "he—"

Again Lennie cut her off. "Don't be heard him going out, about seven o'clock."

"Lady," McKeane said, "are you trying to tell us something?"

Hazel could feel Lennie's big watery eyes fixed on her; she could sense the menace in his stare. "No," she said. "Nothing."

"Did he ever have any callers?"



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shirt, and a hat that came down well over his forehead.

"Nevertheless she said, "Yes? Who are you? What do you want?"

Uninvited, he entered, and he said, "My name's Kimberly. I came for my package."

"What package?"

"Don't hand me that stuff," said the man. "Where is it? Quick!"

Lennie came out of the bedroom. He, too, had a jacket over his undershirt.

"You the fellow Mr. York left that package for?" he asked.

"You're damn right. And I went to see him." Kimberly's hand was in his pocket.

Lennie said, "You Mr. Kimberly?"

"The Kimberly, all right, and I want that package without no more stalling!"

"Okay," said Lennie. "It's in the basement storeroom." He stepped past both of them suddenly and walked out the door into the hallway. "Come on. I'll get it for you."

Kimberly hesitated momentarily, undecided. Then he followed, and both men disappeared down the stairs. Then Lennie came back alone.

"Come on," he said. "We got work to do."

Still she couldn't budge.

"Come on!" he said. "Or I'll give it to you now!"

Mechanically, almost without a will of her own, she walked out the front door and into the hall and down to the basement.

Down there it was empty and damp and dark. When Lennie switched on the light she sawered near him and glanced wildly about. At first she didn't see it—had then she realized that the blish of shadow huddled near the coal bin, shaggy and unshaven and still, was the body of a man.

Lennie said, "I told him it was in the coal-bin and when he went in I shot him in the back of the head."

He shrieked. "I'll get that coal in the furnace and there won't even be any blood left."

She shuddered and Lennie perched silently at her. "You keep your mouth shut. Hear me?"

She didn't answer. And then Lennie said, "Wait here. I'll bring the car around in back."

She followed him to the door and waited there alone in the basement with a dead man as far from the body as she could get ahead to turn around and look at him. Once she thought she heard him move, and her knees wobbled in fright and desperation broke out on her forehead although the wind was bitter and penetrating.

At last she heard the car, and Lennie came through the door. He went past her to the body and picked it up under the shoulders.

"Take the feet," he ordered.

She didn't move.

"Come on!"

"I can't," Lennie said. "I can't."

He let the body stamp to the floor and walked over to her and slapped her hard in the face. "Take the feet!"

In a nightmare of jerky, stumbling action she picked up the feet of the murdered man and, her face averted, helped as they carried him out the door. They piled the body onto the rear seat of the car and Lennie put the precious package on top of it and covered them both with a blanket.

"Get in!" he said.

Numbly she climbed into the front seat beside the man who had been her husband not so long before than man she feared more so much as she hated him the day before. They drove without speaking because they had nothing to say to each other, those two. The body on the floorboards behind them said it all.

Halfway there he flicked on the car radio. Lennie made no effort to turn

the dust. The music was heavy and false; the comments of the audience never were more superficial.

They came to the huge expense of vacant ground in the centre of which the monstrosity loomed ghostly and skeletal, its enormous structure still only half finished, rigid girders bare and naked, and a tall, slender chimney reaching up into the night. A building where tremendous fires burned, day and night, in tremendous furnaces—fires kept alive to destroy the lounge of a big city. Fires that could set up a human body as a combination of smoke and stone.

"The back boiler room," Lorraine said. "Nobody's there at night."

They were halfway down the lonely winding lane that led to the back boiler room when the state police's voice on their radio was interrupted.

"We have just received a bulletin from our news room," an announcer said. "Police Commissioner Peters has announced that Duke Yankowicz, one of the two suspected anarchist bandits, has been captured at Municipal Airport as he tried to leave the city. He is now being questioned at Police Headquarters."

Ahead, Lorraine said, "They can't get me now! I'm in the clear!" This wife had heard not a word.

He parked almost at the base of the gigantic shaft, and he opened a tiny door with a key from his pocket. Unconsciously he dumped the body on the ground beside the car while he covered the brown-paper package with the blanket. Then, shoving his wife in front of him, he dragged the dead man into the boiler room.

The fire in there had been banked. He opened the draft door of the furnace and then the fire door, a tall door of heavy steel that was swinging back by means of a huge lever. He stoked the fire while the light of its flames danced eerily on his flushed, grim, set face, and on the pale, trembling features of his wife and on

the cold face of the dead man.

"There!" he said finally. He picked the body up and shoved it through the fire door. The flames crackled and blazed and leaped higher, a bright blue and the body seemed to shrivel, and then Head could look at it no longer.

She looked out into Lorraine's face, contorted with hatred and cowering at her thin eyes staring hard and menacingly at her. She screamed and fled as he lunged at her.

She ran as she hadn't run since she was a little girl, desperately, frantically. For a way he chased her and she could hear his feet pounding on the marble and his breath as he panted against his ponderous weight. Then the panting stopped, the footsteps died down—and a shot rang out. He had fired at her.

Still she ran, heading for the lights of the houses perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead of her, ran until her lungs were sharp with pain and her heart was racing.

Suddenly her shadow was in front of her. An arm circled behind her. He was in the car, trying to run her down.

Frantically she lunged for the ditch and tumbled down a slight embankment. The car swept by her, flagging gravel after it. On to the end of the line, where it met the paved street, the auto went as she watched its headlights.

At the street it slowed and its lights swayed in an arc and it headed back toward her.

She scrambled further down the embankment and buried the ground, as close as she could hug it. The car roared down the road, up to her, twenty feet past her, and then it stopped. Lorraine climbed out and walked to the edge of the embankment, panting over.

"Head!" he called. "Head! Don't be scared! I won't hurt you! I was only fooling!"

She must have fainted, for she had no memory of him leaving or the car driving off. She knew only that she closed her eyes and prayed and after a while she opened them and he was gone. She lay there far a long time.

Foolishly, though, she struggled to her feet and walked down the roadway, dimly, not knowing into what she was heading.

At last she reached the safety of the paved street and the friendly reflection of light from the houses there. She stumbled on, and at the first corner she came to a little restaurant, dingy and dirty, but still a haven. She opened the door and staggered in.

"Call the police!" she said.

She was safe, she thought. Safe from. Or was she? Would she ever be free of fear and doom, as long as Lorraine Head? Would he come back for her, the light of murder in his eyes?

"You okay now, name?" the counterman asked.

She nodded weakly.

"Here, drink this." He held the coffee up to her lips, and she gulped it. It burned her tongue and her throat, but it soaked reason and comprehension back into her brain.

"I'm all right," she whispered. "The police . . ."

"We called 'em."

The radio was next to her teeth and suddenly, in a tumble, violent hands, it dashed its way into her consciousness.

" . . . a deliciously clear wherry to which Yankowicz confided:

"Good!" she said.

" . . . and it ended. Commissioner Peters said, in the typical double-cross of the underworld, Keston, according to the commissioner, tipped the police off to Yankowicz's hideout. In turn, Yankowicz managed to get away with the crime, lost, which he was carrying in a valise when he was arrested. And he sent death to his doublehe partner in crime.

"He made a bomb and put it in a package so wrapped that, as soon as it is opened, it will explode. He told Keston his share of the robbery was in the package and he left it where Keston would pick it up. Police are searching . . ."

In the distance a dull, hollow roar sounded, the doors and windows of the dinner rattled faintly.

"What was that?" the counterman asked.

She smiled. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing. It's all right."

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# Talking Points

• **COVER GIRL:** She's Ava Gardner, Hollywood's most naturally beautiful, and—so they whisper—most intelligent star. One-time wife of Melvyn Douglas, Ava learned what she could from this period of her young life, but won't left standing when the separation comes. Ava was on the way up. Now she ranks among the film city's first five female stars and though Howard Da Silva names a touch for her, Ava still says "No" to anything but her career. Her current picture is M.G.M.'s "The Robe," in which she stars with Robert Taylor.

• **NIGHT-SPOTTING:** with Sonny Lee. And who better could show us the ropes, you think? Well, personally, we have our suspicions. Sonny, we think, has dreams for the two hours sleep he maintains in all that he can scratch that the great public has dreams on the cabinet business. Having got his every idea just he should be able in roles for after reading it, we'll stick to publishing.

• **GLOVES OFF** — figuratively speaking at least. In this issue Bill Delany gives us glimpses of some of the best fighters with their hair down so to speak. According to Bill there are fighters who are too kind for their own good, and there are those who have been too mean for anyone else's. Still, who better to teach than the masters? You may find some useful

hints in "Tricks of the Fighting Trade."

• **FANTASTIC:** Jack Pearson uses the word himself in describing the tragic fate of the "General Grant" in his fact story "Covers of Death" which opens on page 86. The scariest thing about this sea drama was the perfect calm of the sea on the day that tragedy suddenly leaped out of the depths and a chief officer crewed off into eternity.

• **WONDER DRUG:** Perhaps it will cure that Pyre-nephritis that they laid on themselves to cripple Queensland, but then again perhaps it won't, since, consider though it is, it won't cure everything. Palynysain which is described by Marcelle Hilton in the article "A Pill to End the Plague," should, if it comes up to medical expectations, make us even more confident of disease-free living.

• **FICTION:** From the pen of Gerald Snyder-Brown, "Slave to Duty," a psychological study of an ex detective who has declared war on all murderers and finds the stiffest battle of his career when the murderer turns up closer than he expected. W. G. Delaney has a human racing narrative in the same—"The Duchess was a Lady"—and for a tidy yarn about robbery and murder that gets folded away without trace, read "Double-Cross" by Dave Ranch, page 59.

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